

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
VOLUME XII.

NO. 2975. JULY 13, 1901.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXX.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

If you would fully grasp all that the geographical conditions of the American continent imply, you should cross the Atlantic in its winter gales, and travel far to the west with the thermometer sinking down towards zero. No imagination can bring home to you this vast isolation and this boundless expanse, until, for some eight days, you have watched your great ship as it ploughs across these inexhaustible waters at the rate of a South-Eastern Railway train, seeing nothing but waves, clouds and sky, so that the lonely monotony of this enormous ocean seems to try the nerves at last. And then, when the express train thunders on, day and night, across the Allegheny mountains to the west, a journey that would suffice to cross Europe just brings you over but a fraction of the space that divides the Atlantic from the Pacific.

Make this voyage and try to conceive what it must mean to the ordinary emigrant rather than to the luxurious tourist, and you will begin to understand how far outside of Europe is this American continent; how completely it offers a new life, a fresh start, a world detached, on a virgin soil unencumbered with our antique civilization and its burdens. Again, make this westward journey by rail,

and watch how the emigrant has to make it, and you feel an awakening sense of the boundless area, the inexhaustible resources, the infinite varieties of the transatlantic hemisphere, which for practical purposes has only just begun to take its place in these latter days in the secular life of humanity as a whole.

America is detached from Europe by a gulf which, however trivial it seems to the summer tourist in his luxurious stateroom and saloon, has been a veritable "middle passage" to millions and millions of American citizens and their parents—a gulf which the "Upper Ten thousand" cross backwards and forwards as we go to Paris or Rome, but which seventy millions of American citizens never cross or recross. To them our Europe is a far-away world, of which but faint echoes reach them, which they will never see more, which can never directly touch their lives; whilst the vast expanses and inexhaustible resources of their own continent are brought home to them, day by day, in a thousand practical and visible ways.

And yet the paradox strikes my mind that American life, such as a passing visitor finds it in the great cities, is essentially the same as our own; that, in spite of the geographical isolation

and the physical conditions, the citizen of the United States is at heart much the same man as the subject of King Edward; that life is the same, *mutatis mutandis*; that the intellectual, social and religious tone is nearly identical; that the proverbial differences we hear of have been absurdly exaggerated. Put aside trivial peculiarities of language, manners, habit or climate, admit a certain air of Paris in New York, and a certain European tone in Washington—and these only concern small sections in both cities—for my part I noticed no radical difference between Americans and Englishmen. Physically, they are the same race, with the same strength, energy and beauty; except for superficial things, they live the same lives, have the same interests, aims and standards of opinion; and in literature, science, art and philosophy, the Atlantic is less of a barrier between our two peoples than is St. George's Channel or the Tweed in the British Isles. The citizen of the United States seems to me very much what the citizen of the United Kingdom is—only rather more so. The differences are really on the surface, or in mere form.

I do not forget all that we are told about the vast proportion of non-American people in the United States, that New York and Chicago contain "more Germans than any city but Berlin, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Italians than Venice, more Scandinavians than Stockholm and" (they sometimes add) "more sinners than any place but H—ll." Statistics give us the facts, and of course there is no sort of doubt about the immense degree in which the States are peopled by a race of foreign birth or origin. In the eastern slums of New York, in the yards and docks of the great cities, one sees them by myriads; Germans, Irish, Italians, Swedes, Russians, Orientals and negroes. But those who direct the State,

who administer the cities, control the legislatures; the financiers, merchants, professors, journalists, men of letters—those whom I met in society—are nearly all of American birth, and all of marked American type. I rarely heard a foreign accent or saw a foreign countenance. The American world is practically "run" by genuine Americans. Foreigners are more *en évidence* in London or Manchester, it seemed to me, than they are in New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

My own impression is (of course, I can pretend to nothing but an *impression* at a first glance) that in spite of the vast proportion of immigrant population, the language, character, habits of native Americans rapidly absorb and incorporate all foreign elements. In the second or third generation all exotic differences are merged. In one sense the United States seemed to me more homogeneous than the United Kingdom. There is no State, city or large area which has a distinct race of its own, as Ireland, Wales and Scotland have, and of course there is nothing analogous to the diverse nationalities of the British Empire. From Long Island to San Francisco, from Florida Bay to Vancouver's Island, there is one dominant race and civilization, one language, one type of law, one sense of nationality. That race, that nationality, is American to the core. And the consciousness of its vast expansion and collective force fills the mind of American citizens, as nothing can do to this degree in the nations of western Europe.

Vast expansion, collective force, inexhaustible energy—these are the impressions forced on the visitor, beyond all that he could have conceived or had expected to find. It is borne in on him that he has come, not so much to another nation as to a new continent, inhabited by a people soon to be more numerous than any two of the greater

nations of western Europe, having within their own limits every climate and product between the Tropics and the Pole, with natural resources superior to those of all Europe put together, and an almost boundless field for development in the future. Europeans, being in touch with the eastern seaboard, do not easily grasp the idea how fast the population, wealth and energy of the United States are ever sweeping to the west. It is an amusing "catch" when one is told that the central point of population of the United States is now at Indianapolis, nearly a thousand miles west of Boston; that the geographical centre of the United States since the acquisition of Alaska is now west of San Francisco. It is long since an Eastern State man has been elected President, and we are told that there will never be another. The political centre of gravity is now said to lie in the Mississippi Valley. And the destined metropolis of the United States will soon be Chicago or St. Louis. Chicago, with its unlimited area for expansion north, west and south, and its marvellous site on the vast inland seas, may prove to be, in a generation, the largest, richest and most powerful city in the world.

Chicago, to which I was invited to give the annual address in commemoration of George Washington, was the first city in the United States in which I sojourned; and it naturally interested me much. It did so, amongst other things, because I am older than the city itself. At my own birth, I learn, it was a village in a swamp with 100 inhabitants, and I heard of a man now living who has killed bear on the site of the Central Lake Park. Although it is said to extend over a space of some thirty miles, it has vast edifices of twenty stories, and its banks, offices, public buildings and halls show a lavish profusion of marbles, granite and carved stone. It is not a beauti-

ful city, though it has great natural opportunities on its level lake shore; and perhaps, as whole streets have been bodily raised upwards by machinery many feet, it is conceivable that it may be made a fine city in time.

Chicago struck me as being somewhat unfairly condemned as devoted to nothing but Mammon and pork. Certainly, during my visit, I heard of nothing but the progress of education, university endowments, people's institutes, libraries, museums, art schools, workmen's model dwellings and farms, literary culture and scientific foundations. I saw there one of the best equipped and most vigorous art schools in America, one of the best Toynbee Hall settlements in the world, and perhaps the most rapidly developed university in existence. My friends of the Union League Club, themselves men of business proud of their city, strongly urged me to dispense with the usual visit to the grain elevators and the stockyards, where hogs and oxen are slaughtered by millions and consigned to Europe, but to spend my time in inspecting libraries, schools and museums. No city in the world can show such enormous endowments for educational, scientific and charitable purposes lavished within ten years, and still unlimited in supply.

In a country like the United States, where every principal city is struggling to become the first, and every second-rate town is struggling to reach the front rank, there is much jealousy between the competing cities. And Chicago, the youngest of the great cities of the world, is the butt of the wits of New York and Washington. I was, no doubt, fortunate in the conditions under which I saw it, but the impression left on my mind was that the citizens of Chicago were bringing their extraordinary enterprise to bear quite as much on social, intellectual and artistic interests as they confessedly do

on grain, ham, steel and lumber. They will have to do so if they are to hold their own in the future of civilization. For the manifest destiny of Chicago is to be the heart of the American continent.

For energy, audacity and enterprise, the Chicago people are famous even in the Western States of America. "When I come to London," said a leading man of business, "I find your bankers and merchants stroll into their offices between ten and eleven in the morning. I am at my desk at seven," said he, "and by noon I have completed fifty transactions by telephone." Telegrams, in fact, are no longer up to date in the United States, and few busy men ever use a pen except to sign their names. They do not even dictate their letters. They speak into a phonograph, and have their message typewritten from the instrument. Life in the States is one perpetual whirl of telephones, telexes, phonographs, electric bells, motors, lifts and automatic instruments. To me such a life would not be worth living, and the mere sight of it is incompatible with continuous thought. But business seems to be done in that way. And I did not learn that the percentage of suicide or insanity was very seriously increased by these truly maddening inventions.

No competent observer can doubt that in wealth, manufactures, material progress of all kinds the United States, in a very few years, must hold the first place in the world without dispute. Its population will soon double that of any nation of Western Europe. That population will have an education second only to that of Germany and Switzerland, and superior to that of any other European nation. The natural resources of their country exceed those of all Europe put together. Their energy exceeds that of the British; their intelligence is hardly

second to that of Germany and France. And their social and political system is more favorable to material development than any other society ever devised by man. This extraordinary combination of national and social qualities, with vast numbers and unbounded physical resources, cannot fail to give America the undisputed lead in all material things. It is a curious instance of the power of national egotism that Europe fails to grasp this truth—that Germans, with their wretchedly poor country, narrow seaboard, and scanty rivers, ports and minerals, still aspire to the first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how their passion for art, rest and home has handicapped them in the race for supremacy in things material; that Britons, in their narrow island and their comfortable traditions, will not recognize that the industrial prizes must ultimately go to numbers, national unity, physical resources, geographical opportunities, trained intelligence and restless ambition.

Enormous material triumphs obviously have their moral and intellectual evils. And one is constantly led to fancy some parallels between modern America and old Rome at the close of the Republic and the rise of the Empire. The sudden possession of vast areas to be exploited, the control of enormous masses of skilled workers, the rapid acquisition by men bred in hard work and having unbounded energy and ambition of all the resources the world can offer—these are common to the Rome of Cicero and Julius, and to the United States of Grover Cleveland and William McKinley. Paradox as it sounds, I was constantly reminded of the old stories of Crassus, Lucullus and the Cæsars when I saw the lavish profusion of marbles, carvings and mosaics in public and private buildings—so many a *porticus metata decempedis*—the wanton luxury which

seems inspired by a mania of rapidly squandering the riches that have been so rapidly acquired. Wealth is acquired in Europe by slow stages and usually in more than one generation. In America it comes in a few years to men whose boyhood was usually passed in hardship or severe effort. The sudden mastery of enormous sources of power is the peculiar fact of American society—and its special form of temptation. It is often said, "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves takes only three generations." Such power is not seldom used well, generously and with public spirit. Not seldom it is used ill, with vulgarity, folly and selfishness. In any case, it knows nothing of the social conventions, habits and traditions which, for good and for evil, control the use of wealth in modern Europe.

The characteristic note of the United States is to be found in this freedom of the individual—the *carrière ouverte aux talents*—in a sense which is unknown to Europeans and can hardly be conceived by them. Every one of these seventy millions—at least of whites—has an "equal chance" in life. A first-rate education, comfort and "betterment" are within the reach of every youth and girl of average capacity and industry. Most of the men eminent in business, politics or literature began life by "teaching school." Every messenger boy or machine-hand may be an embryo President of the United States, of a railroad or a bank, a powerful journalist or a millionaire. Every lad seems conscious that this is open to him, and most of them live and work as if they meant to try for this end. Every girl at a type-desk or a telegraph office may live to reside in Fifth Avenue, or—who knows?—in the White House. And the ease with which the youth and girl adapt themselves to new careers and wider functions is one of the wonders of Ameri-

can life. Europe, even France, is organized more or less on the caste system, where none but rare exceptions pass from one social rank or office to another from time to time. America is the only land on earth where caste has never had a footing, nor has left a trace. But this (be it said) is true only of the white race.

Rare as the prizes are, though the chances are millions to one against the winning, the possibility is ever before man, woman and child. And this infinitesimal chance, this not absolutely impossible hope, colors life in the New World; so that, in spite of all the slum horrors of New York and Chicago, and all the industrial pressure of this furious competition, populist agitation and anarchist outbreaks, the proletariat of Europe has good ground for looking to the United States as the paradise of labor. New York, San Francisco, Chicago and Philadelphia may swarm with the disinherited of other continents, but the standard of material well-being in the United States reaches for the masses of the laboring people a far higher and more permanent point than has ever yet been attained by the laboring mass of civilized men.

The ease with which men can pass from one locality to another, from one climate to another, from one business to another, the entire absence of social barriers or class distinctions, the abundant means of technical and scientific education, leave it open to each man and woman to make their own lives. The vast continent, with its varieties of climate and soil, produces almost everything except champagne, diamonds and ancient buildings. With New York and San Francisco, the two grandest natural ports in the world, open to the ships of the Atlantic and the Pacific, with Chicago or St. Louis as the centre of traffic, the clearing-house of this boundless trade, the ma-

terial prosperity of the American continent must reach in the twentieth century a height of which the nineteen centuries before it never dreamed. When the Englishman talks about the evils of Protection and the benefits of Free Trade, he is reminded that the United States occupies a continent self-sufficing, except for a few luxuries, which has its own Free Trade on a gigantic scale, over an area far larger than all Western Europe. It seems impertinent to lecture men about their neglect of Free Trade, when in their own country they can travel in every direction thousands of miles without ever meeting a Customs frontier. They insist that they are the greatest Free Trade people on earth.

Of course, for the American citizen and the thoughtful visitor, the real problem is whether this vast prosperity, this boundless future of theirs, rests upon an equal expansion in the social, intellectual and moral sphere. They would be bold critics who should maintain it, and few thinking men in the United States do so without qualifications and misgivings. As to the universal diffusion of education, the energy which is thrown into it, and the wealth lavished on it from sources public and private, no doubt can exist. Universities, richly endowed, exist by scores, colleges by many hundreds, in every part of the Union. Art schools, training colleges, technical schools, laboratories, polytechnics and libraries are met with in every thriving town. The impression left on my mind is that the whole educational machinery must be at least tenfold that of the United Kingdom. That open to women must be at least twentyfold greater than with us, and it is rapidly advancing to meet that of men, both in numbers and in quality. Nor can I resist the impression that the education in all grades is less perfunctory, amateurish and casual than is too often our

own experience at home. The libraries, laboratories, museums and gymnasia of the best universities and colleges are models of equipment and organization. The "pious founder" has long died out in Europe. He is alive in America, and seems to possess some magic source of inexhaustible munificence.

Libraries, of course, are not *learning*; museums and laboratories are not *knowledge*; much less is an enormous reading public *literature*. And, however much libraries may be crowded with readers, however spacious and lavish are the mountings of technical schools, and though seventy millions of articulate men and women can pass the seventh standard of a board school, the question of the fruit of all this remains to be answered. The passing visitor to the United States forms his own impression as to the bulk and the diffusion of the *instruments* of education; but he is in no better position than any one else to measure the *product*. The sight of such a vast apparatus of education, such demand for education, and that emphatically by both sexes, must create a profound impression. The "Cooper Institute" of New York, one of the earliest of these popular endowments, still managed and developed by three generations of the same family from its venerable founder, the Jeremy Bentham of New York, is a typical example of a people's palace where science, art and literature are offered absolutely free to all comers. But what is the result? Few Americans pretend that, with all the immense diffusion of elementary knowledge of science in the United States, the higher science is quite abreast of that of Europe. Of scholarship, in the technical sense of the word, in spite of the vast number of "graduates," the same thing may be said. And no one pretends that American literature rivals that of France in

its finer forms—or indeed that of England.

The reason for this is not obscure, and it is hardly covered by the ordinary suggestion that the American people are absorbed in the pursuit of gain and material improvement. However much this may react on the intellectual world, the numbers of the American people are so great that numerically, if not proportionately, those who are devoted to science, art and literature are at least as many as they are in England. The vast development of material interests is rather a stimulus to the pursuit of science than a hindrance, as the vast multiplication of books is a stimulus to authorship. But why suppose that a general interest in practical science conduces to high scientific culture, or that millions of readers tend to foster a pure taste in letters? The contrary result would be natural. Practical mechanics is not the same thing as scientific genius. And the wider the reading public becomes, the lower is the average of literary culture.

But other things combine to the same result. The absence of any capital city, any acknowledged literary centre, in a country of vast area with scattered towns, the want of a large society exclusively occupied with culture and forming a world of its own, the uniformity of American life, and the little scope it gives to the refined ease and the graceful *dolce far niente* of European *beaux mondes*, all these have something to do with a low average of original literature.

The lighter American literature has little of the charm and sparkle that mark the best writing of France, because, apart from national gifts of *esprit*, American society does not lend itself to the daily practice of polished conversation. After all, it is *conversation*, the spoken thought of groups of men and women in familiar and easy

intercourse, which gives the aroma of literature to written ideas. And where the arts of conversation have but a moderate scope and value, the literature will be solid but seldom brilliant.

But all these conditions, if they tend in the same direction, are perhaps of minor importance. The essential point is that literature of a high order is the product of long tradition and of a definite social environment. Millions of readers do not make it, nor myriads of writers, though they read the same books and use the same language and think the same thoughts. A distinctive literature is the typical expression of some organized society, cultivated by long user and moulded on accepted standards. It would be as unreasonable to look for a formed and classical style in a young, inorganic and fluid society, however large it may be and however voracious of printed matter, as to look in such a land for Westminster Abbeys and Windsor Castles. America will no doubt in the centuries to come produce a national literature of its own, when it has had time to create a typical society of its own, and intellectual traditions of its own.

Literature, politics, manners and habits, all bear the same impress of the dominant idea of American society—the sense of *equality*. It has its great side, its conspicuous advantages, and it has also its limitations and its weakness. It struck me that the sense of equality is far more national and universal in America than it is in France, for all the pæns to equality that the French pour forth and their fierce protestations to claim it. “Liberty, equality and fraternity” is not inscribed on public edifices in the United States, because no American citizen—or, rather, no white citizen—can conceive of anything else. The shoeblack shakes hands with the President, and

(in the absence of a Pullman) travels in the same car with the millionaire. The millionaire has a very restricted household of servants, and they are more or less his masters, because the true-born American will not accept domestic service on any wages, and the Irish "helps" are the despair of the housekeeper. The owner of a splendid mansion has to ascend ten steps to his own door, because Americans, and even Irish helps, decline to live in rooms below the level of the street. Thus the ground floor belongs to the domestic "auxiliaries." The middle-class American citizen has to black his own boots or walk out to a blacking stand, because American citizens will not perform so menial an office. All this has its fine side, though perhaps the reaction from European servility is carried to needless lengths. Is it natural, they say, that a lad who may live to be a senator or a President, to found a university, or to control a railroad; should black another citizen's boots? Should a cookmaid who may live to drive her own carriage in Central Park put up with a cellar-kitchen below the level of the street? Every scoldier of Napoleon carried a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. And every American citizen has a *Fortunatus'* cap in his pocket, if he only knew how to fit it on his head. And this he is perpetually trying to do.

But this ingrained sense of the absolute equality of all white citizens reacts on all things. The Congressman is, at Washington, a successful politician; but, outside Congress, he is one of seventy millions. A senator, a Cabinet minister or a President, is merely a prominent citizen raised by ballot from the ranks, to return to the ranks when his term of office is up. The reaction from the divine right and hereditary privileges of the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe has led to slipshod habits in

public affairs which scandalize the Old World and go much deeper than mere outsides.

Men who manage affairs of state in their shirt-sleeves are too apt to take a rough-and-ready view of life and of that which is becoming and right. As Mr. Bryce has so well said, the sense of *noblesse oblige*, which still survives in Europe as a force constraining men in high office or in great social position, has hardly any equivalent in American life. The want of commanding social influence by men of great reputation and acknowledged standing makes itself felt in national and municipal affairs, in manners, in business and in literature. A certain philosopher who comes to England is wont to say at once, "You have an organized society; our society is inorganic, and no class or group exercises any social influence." All this has its bad side as well as its good side. So, in crossing the Atlantic, the observer finds that he has left a world more or less "organized" for good or for ill, and has come to a society which, for good or for evil, is organized only as a huge electoral machine. Public men in America are commonly accused of accepting the moral standards of the mass and of tamely yielding to the voice of majorities. Their excuse is that their fellow-citizens would resent their setting up superior standards of their own, and flatly refuse to accept any leadership from them. Where in England a man of ambition is constantly aiming to gain "influence," and is constantly considering "what is due to his own position," in America he has little need to consider anything but what will satisfy the electors, and what is the average conscience of the larger number. He has no "position" to maintain.

The ceremony of the Inauguration of the President and Vice-President at Washington on the 4th of March is,

indeed, a characteristic and suggestive function. I had the good fortune to witness it this year under the most favorable conditions, and was deeply impressed with all it represented. It summed up the vast extent and power of the United States, its absolute democracy, the simplicity, ease and homeliness of its government, its contempt of forms, its entire confidence in itself and perfect satisfaction with its own ways. In the grand Capitol of the noble city of Washington, than which no finer edifice or city exists in the Old World, were gathered the men chosen by the adult citizens of a nation of some seventy millions, scattered over a vast continent. The President, Vice-President, senators and representatives elected on this enormous ballot, entrusted with this stupendous power and wealth, sat indistinguishable from the ordinary citizens around them—clerks, secretaries, journalists and casual friends, who were crowded pell-mell on the floor of the Senate House itself.

To this miscellaneous body, which might be any average county council or borough board, there entered a long file of ambassadors and ministers in all the finery of European and Oriental courts; uniforms blazing with gold lace, plumes, velvet or fur, swords, sabres and helmets; the Austro-Hungarian magnate, the stately ambassadors of Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, in their court uniforms, stars, crosses and ribbons; Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the accomplished Minister of China, in his buttoned headdress and embroidered silks; the Japanese Minister, in European court uniform; the envoys of the smaller Powers of Europe, and then the diplomatists of the South American and Central American and West Indian States; black men, brown men, whitey-brown men, in various gaudy uniforms; the Minister of the Sultan in

his fez, those of Siam and Korea in their national dress—more than thirty in all, in every color, adornment and style, representing men of every race, from every part of the planet.

This brilliant and motley group may be seen at St. Stephen's, or at the functions of Berlin and St. Petersburg, where it is only a natural part of similar bravery and feudal splendor. But here, in a hall crowded with sober citizens in broadcloth, without a star, a ribbon or a sword between them, the effect was almost comic. Siam, Korea, Hungary and Portugal as gay as butterflies! McKinley and Roosevelt matter-of-fact civilians, as if they were Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the London County Council! And around them were the chosen delegates of the great Republic, jostled in their own hall by pressmen, secretaries and curious strangers like myself. The shirt-sleeve theory of government could hardly go farther, and, perhaps, need not go quite so far. My own republican soul was stirred when I set myself to think which of the two forms would prevail in the centuries to come. I thought first of the Roman Senate (according to the old myth), sitting immovable as statues in their white togas, when the Gauls of Brennus, in their torques and war-paint, dashed into the Senate House; and then I began to think, Were these quiet citizens seated there to see a comic opera at the Savoy Theatre?

Not that the representatives of the Republic are wanting in personal bearing. The President sat through the ceremonies with placid dignity, his fine features, in their stern repose, looking like a bronze figure of the Elder Brutus or Cato the Censor. But at a personal reception in the White House Mr. McKinley will show as much grace and courtesy of demeanor as any Sovereign by divine right, and his smile and his voice are pronounced

(not only by women) to be perfectly winning. The diplomatists of Europe agree in assuring us that nothing can exceed the tact and "correctness" which distinguish Mr. Hay, the accomplished Secretary of State. It is true that Congressmen (in their shirt-sleeves) have not that repose of manner which marks the caste of *Vere de Vere*. But the men who are charged to speak in the name of the State will usually be found to rise to the occasion with that facility which enables every genuine American to adapt himself to play a new part, and to fulfil an unaccustomed duty.

It is no easy task to combine the conduct of vast interests, the representation of enormous power, with the ultra-democratic traditions of the absolute equality of all citizens. No sooner had the President summoned before him the splendiferous envoys of the whole world, than he passed out to the historic steps of the Capitol, to pronounce his Inaugural Address. As I stood near him and listened to the clear and keenly-balanced sentences, which the cables and telegraphs of the civilized world were carrying to expectant nations, I noticed how the crowd, a few feet only below him, was a miscellaneous gathering from the streets, like a knot in the Park listening to a Salvation preacher or a Socialist orator on a Sunday, negroes and lads not the least vociferous in their applause, whilst on a platform fifty yards off there were mounted a dozen batteries of photographers, from kodaks to life-size lenses. The American public men—even the private man and private woman—has always to reckon with the man in the street, journalists and kodaks.

It is needless to point the moral of the difference between the Inaugural Address of a President, delivered in the open air to a miscellaneous crowd, and the speech of an European Sover-

ein opening Parliament. The one is an elaborate State paper, spoken by a citizen in a frock-coat to a mob of his fellow-citizens in the street; the other is usually conventional platitudes, pronounced in a gorgeous palace with a scene of mediæval pageantry. It is the contrast between the monarchical survival and Republican realism, Kodaks, mobs and vociferous negroes are not a necessary part of the government of a State.

But the Presidential address from the steps of the Capitol is certainly more like that of Pericles on the Pnyx or of Scipio and Marius on the Rostra, than our House of Lords; and it is conceivable that it may prove more agreeable to the practice of future republics in the ages to come. The President of the United States expounds his policy in a reasoned argument to all citizens who choose to hear him. The European monarch performs a traditional ceremonial to a crowd of stage courtiers who possess office without power and honor without responsibility.

The White House, as the executive mansion is called, is interesting for its historic associations, which exactly cover the nineteenth century, with its portraits and reminiscences of Presidents and statesmen, and its characteristic simplicity and modest appointments. It is not a convenient residence for a President with such great responsibilities. But, as the term of residence is usually so short, and the associations of the house are so rich, it would be a pity to change it for a pretentious modern palace. In the meantime the quiet old mansion, merely a fine Georgian country house in a pleasant park, serves to remind the American citizen of the democratic origin of his Chief Magistrate, who is certainly not yet an emperor. The White House was a residence suitable for men like Jefferson, Lincoln and

Grant; and it seems a not unfitting office for their successors.

The Capitol at Washington struck me as being the most effective mass of public buildings in the world, especially when viewed at some distance, and from the park in which it stands. I am well aware of certain constructive defects which have been insisted on by Ferguson and other critics; and no one pretends that it is a perfect design of the highest order either in originality or style. But as an *effective* public edifice of a grandiose kind, I doubt if any capital city can show its equal. This is largely due to the admirable proportions of its central dome group, which I hold to be, from the pictorial point of view, more successful than those of St. Peter's, the Cathedral of Florence, Agia Sophia, St. Isaac's, the Panthéon, St. Paul's or the new Cathedral of Berlin. But the unique effect is still more due to the magnificent *site* which the Capitol at Washington enjoys. I have no hesitation in saying that the *site* of the Capitol is the noblest in the world, if we exclude that of the Parthenon in its pristine glory. Neither Rome nor Constantinople, nor Florence, nor Paris, nor Berlin, nor London possesses any central eminence with broad open spaces on all sides crowned by a vast pile covering nearly four acres and rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet, which seems to dominate the whole city. Washington is the only capital city which has this colossal centre or crown. And Londoners can imagine the effect if their St. Paul's stood in an open park reaching from the Temple to Finsbury Circus, and the great creation of Wren were dazzling white marble, and soared into an atmosphere of sunny light.

Washington, the youngest capital city of the world, bids fair to become, before the twentieth century is ended, the most beautiful and certainly the

most commodious. It is the only capital which has been laid out from the first entirely on modern lines, with organic unity of plan, unencumbered with any antique limitations and confusions. The spacious avenues, intersected by very broad streets, all lined with maple and elm, and radiating from a multitude of "circles," its numerous parks and squares, with fountains, monuments and equestrian statues at each available junction, its semi-tropical climate, for it is in the latitude of Lisbon and Palermo, its freedom from the disfigurements of smoke, trade and manufactures, its singular form of government under a State autocracy without any municipal representation, give it unique opportunities to develop. As yet it is but half completed, owing to local difficulties as to rights of property; and it still has the air of an artificial experiment in city architecture. But within two or three generations, when its vacant sites are filled up, and public buildings, monuments and statues continue to be raised with all the wealth, resources and energy of the Republic, if the artists of the future can be restrained within the limits of good sense and fine taste, Washington may look more like the Rome of the Antonines than any city of the Old World.

Of all that I saw in America, I look back with most emotion to my visit to Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of George Washington. I saw it on a lovely spring day, amidst thousands of pilgrims, in the Inauguration week. On a finely wooded bluff, rising above the grand Potomac River, stands the plain but spacious wooden house of the Founder of the Republic. It has been preserved and partly restored with perfect taste, the original furniture, pictures and ornaments supplemented by fit contemporary pieces. It enables one perfectly to conjure up an image of the homely, large and

generous life of the President before the war called him to the field, and after he had retired from all cares of state. We fancy him sitting under the spacious eastern portico, with its eight tall columns, looking out over the broad landscape of forest and river, or lying in his last sleep in the simple bed, with its dimity coverlet, and then laid to rest in the rural tomb below the house, which he ordered himself, and in which his descendants have insisted on keeping his remains. General Grant lies beside the Hudson at New York, in a magnificent mausoleum palpably imitated from the tomb of Napoleon in the Invalides. How infinitely more fitting and more touching is the Spartan simplicity of Washington's burial place—an austere cell within his own ancestral ground; yet not a morning's drive from the splendid capital which the nation has named after its heroic founder—how much more fitting and more touching is this than is the imperial mausoleum to which they have carried the bones of the tyrant who ruined France! It has been frequently attempted to remove the sarcophagus in which Washington lies from Mount Vernon, his home, to place it under the dome of the Capitol. But as yet it has been wisely decided to do nothing that can impair the unique legend which has gathered round the memory of the Western Cincinnatus.

In a country so flagrantly new as America, with every town and building striving to show its intense modernity, the few remnants even of eighteenth-century antiquity have a rare charm and a special value. They awaken an interest far beyond that of their actual beauty or quaintness, for

they represent the only history of a country which has grown to be so vast and so different. Such relics as Mount Vernon, Independence Hall and Carpenters' Hall at Philadelphia, the Common of Boston, the Green at New-haven, and a few bits at Baltimore and old New York may still attract a traveller sated with the most picturesque corners of Europe. The history of the American soil is a very short record. But, such as it is, the American people seem very keen to cherish it in perpetuity. If the preservation of Mount Vernon and of Independence Hall as national monuments is the finest example of this, the most amusing instance is the rescue of the wooden cottage of Betsy Ross in Arch Street, Philadelphia, where the original "Star-spangled banner" was constructed in 1777 and approved by General Washington.

Few Englishmen seem to know the history of the "Stars and Stripes." In its original form it was a not ungainly device, adapted from the undoubted arms of the English family of Washington. These were: *argent*, two bars *gules*, on a chief three *mullets* [stars] of the first [argent]. When the thirteen States of the Union resolved to adopt a national flag from the ancestral coat of their chief, this became "barry of thirteen, *gules* and *argent*, on a chief *azure* thirteen *mullets* of the second arranged in circle." But when the other States were added the "stars" began to be increased, until to-day the flag displays, on a canton *azure*, forty-five *mullets argent* in monotonous rows. Nothing more artless, confused and unheraldic can be conceived.¹

America is making violent efforts to

¹ An unlucky question was once put to me by a patriot, whether the "Star-spangled banner" was not beautiful as a work of art. I was obliged to answer that, with all my veneration for the banner of the Republic, in my

humble judgment it was (heraldically speaking) both awkward and ugly, unbalanced, undecipherable and mechanical. It may be well to distinguish the Republican emblem from the feudal heraldry of the Old World.

evolve a national architecture; but as yet it has produced little but miscellaneous imitations of European types and some wonderful constructive devices. A walk along the Broadway and Fifth Avenue of New York leaves the impression of an extraordinary medley of incongruous styles, highly ingenious adaptations, admirable artistic workmanship, triumphs of mechanics, the lavish use of splendid materials, and an architectural *pot-pourri* which almost rivals the "Rue des Nations," at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. There are some excellent copies of European buildings, such as the Giralda of Seville, Venetian palaces, Châteaux from Touraine, Palladian *loggie*, and here and there a German schloss. There are some beautiful revivals of fine art, such as the thirteenth-century Gothic of St. Patrick's, the Italian palaces of the Metropolitan and University Clubs, the Renaissance palaces of the Vanderbilts. Facing the Central Park, each millionaire seems to have commissioned his architect to build him a mansion of any ancient style from Byzantine to the last French Empire, provided only it was in contrast to the style of his neighbors. So commissioned, the artist has lavished skilful carving, singular ingenuity, and noble material in stone, marble and mosaic. Many of these are interesting experiments and some are beautiful; but the general effect of such rampant eclecticism is rather bewildering.

In constructive novelties the American builder is consummate. Amongst these are the Brobdingnagian piles of twenty stories, the substitution of lifts for staircases, the construction of edifices of steel, the profuse use of stone

and marble as ornaments rather than as material, the multiplication of baths, heating apparatus, electric and other mechanical devices, and the intensely modern and up-to-date contrivances which put to shame the clumsy conservatism of the Old World. Nothing in Europe since the fall of old Rome and Byzantium, not even Genoa in its prime, has equaled the lavish use of magnificent marble columns, granite blocks and ornamental stone as we see it to-day in the United States. The Illinois Trust Bank of Chicago—a vast marble palace—is, I suppose, the most sumptuous and one of the most beautiful commercial edifices in the world, and its safety deposit vaults are among the sights of that city.

The reckless use of precious marbles seems to threaten exhaustion of the quarries, but one is assured that they are ample for all demands. Why more use is not made in Europe of the magnificent marbles of America is not very obvious. But we certainly might easily adopt some of the constructive devices of their builders. Not, one trusts, the outrageous towers of Babel, in twenty or twenty-four floors and five hundred rooms, built of steel, and faced with granite as a veneer, which are seen in New York and Chicago, and hopelessly disfigure both cities. If these became general, the streets would become dark and windy cañons, and human nature would call out for their suppression. But the British architect has much to learn from modern American builders. In matters of construction, contrivance, the free use of new kinds of stone and wood, of plumbing, heating and the minor arts of fitting, the belated European in

But it is a pity that the invention of the New World could not have devised an emblem with some claim to be clearly read and to look graceful. The thirteen bars, or stripes, have now lost their significance, and might in time disappear. A plain field, semée of

"stars," would not be unsightly nor too difficult to distinguish. Forty-five mullets on a canton in six regular rows are not easily visible at all, and, when perceived, are hardly elegant.

America feels himself a Rip Van Winkle, whirled into a new century and a later civilization.

As to the two burning problems of American society—the Labor question and the Negro question—it would be idle for a passing tourist to pretend to an opinion of his own. Certainly, there is not visible in the United States, even in the slums of New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, anything approaching the acuteness and extent of the destitution to be seen in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow. The slums of American cities are filled, it is true, with the waifs and strays, failures and outcasts from Europe, and are not of native American origin. But those who have made a comparative study of the life of the poor assure us that nowhere in the United States are the general conditions of the workman so threatening as they are too often in Europe, and the evils are certainly less difficult to cure. An influx of cosmopolitan misery has filled America with embarrassing problems, but the enormous resources of its continent, and the vast opportunities which its development affords, give Industry a free hand such as is elsewhere impossible and unknown.

The future of the Negro has always seemed to us in Europe the gravest of all American problems. And though I saw nothing to justify the extravagant stories we are told as to race antipathy and the ostracism of the Negro, I was surprised and shocked to hear from men of great cultivation and humanity such sweeping condemnation of the Negro race, such cool indifference as to the continual reports of barbarous lynchings which appear almost daily in the public prints, and that in other than old Slave States. I should come to look on the race problem as incapable of any satisfactory solution were it not for such examples as that of Tuskagee and similar foundations.

The life of Booker Washington, as told in his autobiography called "Up from Slavery," is one of the most wonderful of our age. The story of the success in the education of the Negro achieved by this ex-slave, one of the most remarkable of living men, and by the white and colored friends by whom he was assisted, should serve to convince us that the Negro problem may yet find a happy end.

About the prodigious luxury, extravagance and money-making of the United States, of which we hear so much, a passing visitor has no right to dogmatize. America is a very rich country, where everything but raw material is very dear, where fortunes are made very rapidly, and where the scale of everything is raised in proportion. The sudden acquisition of wealth is more often the result of the vast numbers of those who deal in any market or buy any commodity, rather than of any abnormal development of the acquisitive instinct. The railroad, or corn, or oil "boss" becomes a multi-millionaire in a decade owing to the colossal scale of the railroad, corn and oil trades. There are perhaps more rich men in America than there are in Europe; but then there are not so many poor men. There are costly mansions in New York City, though none on the scale of Stafford House, Bridgewater House and Dorchester House. And in the country there are no such royal palaces as Arundel Castle, Castle Howard, Longleat and Mentmore. American millionaires do not own spacious parks, racing-studs and deer-forests, nor are they surrounded by armies of tenants, dependents, servants and equipages as are described in "Lothair." They roll up fortunes, often automatically, owing to the wealth and numbers of the population in which capital operates. And they lavish their rapid gains sometimes in houses, paintings, yachts and ban-

quets, and not seldom in schools, observatories and museums. But I saw nothing to suggest that wealth in America is worse acquired or worse applied than it is in Europe.

I must repeat that I am giving nothing but the first impressions of a passing visitor who spent two months in the United States for the first time in his life. Though I had special opportunities to see from the central point the official world, the universities, the literary and the commercial society, I am well aware that I brought away nothing more than the thumbnail sketches of an impressionist. But my impression is that the accounts we too often get of American life are ridiculous exaggerations. English journalism distorts and magnifies the caricatures it presents, just as American journalism distorts and magnifies the traits of English life.

There are no doubt, vices, blots, follies and social diseases on both sides of the Atlantic, but the proportion these bear to the nation is grossly overstated by sensational literature. As to the worship of the "Almighty Dollar," I neither saw it nor heard of it; hardly as much as we do at home. I may say the same as to official corruption and political intrigue. Congress, ministers, magistrates in the United States seemed to me to be a good deal of the same stuff as parliaments, cabinets and judges with us. There are a few good journals, but the average Press seemed to me dull, trivial, provincial and harmless, however insipid. The yellow Press, the brutal and gutter Press, I never saw nor heard of, nor did I meet any one who read it. New York, of course, has the vices of great cities, but they are not visible to the eye, and they are a drop in the ocean

of the American people. Even the passing tourist must note the entire freedom of American towns from the indecencies that are paraded in European cities. The youngest girls go about the streets of New York alone; and a lady travels unattended from San Francisco to Washington. I received a deep impression that in America the relations of the sexes are in a state far more sound and pure than they are in the Old World; that the original feeling of the Pilgrim Fathers about woman and about man has sufficed to color the mental and moral atmosphere, and to give all sexual problems a new and clear field to develop in normal ways.

I close my impressions with a sense that the New World offers a great field, both moral and intellectual, to the peaceful development of an industrial society; that this society is in the main sound, honest and wholesome; that vast numbers and the passion of equality tend to low averages in thought, in manners and in public opinion, which the zeal of the devoted minority tends gradually to raise to higher planes of thought and conduct; that manners, if more boisterous, are more hearty than with us, and, if less refined, are free from some conventional *morgue* and hypocrisy; that in casting off many of the bonds of European tradition and feudal survivals, the American democracy has cast off also something of the æsthetic and moral inheritance left in the Old World; that the zeal for learning, justice and humanity lies so deep in the American heart that it will in the end solve the two grave problems which face the future of their citizens—the eternal struggle between capital and labor—the gulf between people of color and the people of European blood.

Frederic Harrison.

SISTER GIOVANNA OF THE CROSS.*

BY MATILDE SERAO.

I.

The great clock in the church of the Thirty-three sounded the hour of five. The heavy door of richly carved antique oak, creaking on its hinges, was pushed open by the long, slender hands of Sister Gertrude of the Five Wounds. Fastening it carefully against the wall, she crossed the choir and knelt at the rail, her hands thrust inside the sleeves of her black gown.

The cloistered choir was placed very high, as high as the upper row of windows. A screen of carved bronze, surrounding it on three sides, effectually prevented the curious gaze of the public, who were admitted to the body of the church, from perceiving even the shadows of the Entombed Alive, a name given to the Thirty-three whose order had been founded by Sister Ursula Benincasa, in honor of Jesus and of his Passion. The number of the religious was meant to equal the years passed by our Lord in the world, while the popular name given them indicated the rigor and inviolable seclusion of these cloistered nuns.

As she knelt, Sister Gertrude glanced uneasily into the church, where the shadows of early evening were already gathering. Seeing no one, however, she bent down until her forehead touched the rail. Her face, framed in the band of white linen, was concealed by a heavy black veil that fell over it as well as over the white cape on her bosom, while according to the rule of the order a long black cloak reached

to her feet in the back. After several minutes of absolute silence a second black form entered the choir, and noiselessly prostrated itself by Sister Gertrude's side. It was Sister Clemence of the Thorns, small and slender under her heavy black veil and black cloak. Then, one by one, noiselessly, slowly, came other sisters, who making the sign of the cross, too, knelt the length of the railing. There were fourteen in all. No word issued from their lips, but from time to time a heart-rending sigh breathed through the black veils. Finally, the aged Abbess appeared at the entrance of the choir; she was supported by a young woman wearing a white band and a black cap with great wings, but neither veil nor cloak. She was a lay sister, who not having yet pronounced her vows, was unveiled; with affectionate solicitude she regulated her gait to that of the Abbess, who bent almost double, weak and tottering, directed her uncertain steps towards a prie-dieu adorned with a crimson velvet cushion.

The lay-sister lighted a lamp in the middle of the choir, and candles over the desks. Their feeble light seemed but to intensify the surrounding darkness. Then the Entombed Alive rose, each going to her own stall of finely-carven oak. They were so entirely enveloped in their white veils and black cloaks that no vestige could be seen of their persons. Advancing gently and noiselessly, and bowing before the Abbess, each kissed the silver ring upon her attenuated hand; then like phantoms they faded away into the shadows of their stalls.

As soon as they were all seated

* Translated for *The Living Age* by Florence McIntyre Tyson and Marie Eulalie Perkins.
Copyright by The Living Age Company.

Compline began. The recitation was long and monotonous and night fell ere it was ended. Still neither Abbess nor religieuses moved; they were evidently waiting. The Abbess, seated at the back of the choir in a great chair of black wood, gazed at the thirty-three stalls of which the greater part were empty. Once—Sister Theresa of Jesus was very old—she had seen them all occupied, but alas, death had diminished the numbers of the Entombed Alive and their places had been left vacant, no one having been found willing to assume such terrible vows. It had been quite sixty-five years since Sister Theresa had entered into religion, she had almost forgotten how long herself.

How long had she been abbess? Certainly forty years, she did not remember exactly how many. She was now eighty-five and had seen eighteen nuns fade away, one after the other. At first they had buried them in the tiny garden of the cloister, but now it was necessary to take them to the larger cemetery outside.

Only fourteen remained, including herself, the oldest of all. As she gazed at them, she sighed profoundly; and from the sombre niches in which the dark shadows of the sisters were hidden in obscurity issued deep, heart-rending sighs.

"May the Lord help us!" said the Abbess, in distinct yet trembling tones.

"Amen," responded many voices.

Silence fell once more. Then a white-haired priest, guided by a lay sister, entered the choir. The priest was very old, too, though his face was rosy and pleasant and his eyes full of tenderness. Perceiving him the Abbess endeavored to rise, but he motioned to her to remain seated. For more than twenty years Don Ferdinand de Angells had been the confessor of the Thirty-Three; this was, however, only the second time he had en-

tered the cloister by the order of the Cardinal-Archbishop.

"Oh father, what news do you bring us?" asked Sister Theresa anxiously.

The priest did not at once reply. He felt the eager eyes of the occupants of the fourteen stalls fixed upon him, and since he brought no good news he remained silent.

"Is there then no hope?"

His only answer was to shake his head.

"No hope?" persisted the Abbess, in a voice made strong by violent emotion.

"Offer up this tribulation to God," murmured the priest.

But not even the name of God was sufficient to repress their sobs. The religieuses all wept bitterly, some throwing themselves against the backs of their stalls, others leaning forward on the prie-dieus, their heads between their hands. In the middle of the choir, amid the grotesque shadows cast by the flickering lamp and candle, stood the priest, a prey to keenest anguish.

"Let us weep together," he murmured. "Your unhappiness is great, but you must bear it as becomes Christians."

Sister Theresa, leaving her fauteuil, drew near to Ferdinand de Angells, while the nuns gathered around their abbess.

"Could His Eminence then obtain nothing for us?"

"Monseigneur made every effort within his power; he even went to Rome."

"And did he not succeed?"

"No, mother."

A groan awaked the echoes in the choir.

"But the Pope, the Pope," exclaimed the Abbess in accents of pious respect. "Could not the Pope interfere for these poor children his servants?"

"No, a Papal intervention is impos-

sible," replied the priest. "The law is unchangeable."

"The law? What law?" interrupted one of the sisters, "our only law is that which orders us to live and die in this house."

It was Sister Giovanna of the Cross who spoke. She was one of the youngest among these old people, being about sixty and still upright and graceful under her veil and cloak. By a gesture the Abbess commanded silence.

"The Pope himself," continued the priest, "is in a state of oppression and poverty."

"So we shall be forced to go away?"

"Unfortunately, yes, mother."

"We are so old—they might have waited a little while, we would not have lived much longer."

"It is a trial of your faith, sent by God."

"But, father, where shall we go?"

His only answer was a vague gesture. He had nothing to offer, not even words of comfort.

"Where shall we go?" repeated four or five nuns amidst their sobs.

"We will see—we will see," said the priest sadly.

"Into another convent, perhaps?"

"No, there is no hope of that, the Government will not allow it."

"But then, where can we go?"

"Back to your homes."

"Alas!" answered Sister Theresa, "our only true home is here. Since the day upon which we took our vows, no one in the world has cared for us. What will become of those who do not even know if they have relatives, those whose relatives are dead?"

"I will speak to His Eminence as soon as possible to-morrow morning," answered the priest.

"And speak to him also, father, of the salvation of our souls," added the Abbess with dignity. "We have made the vows of perpetual seclusion to the

day of our death. If we break our vows, will God forgive us?"

"God is merciful and full of compassion, mother."

"But it is a mortal sin to break one's vows."

"I will speak to His Eminence," answered once more the priest, whose heart was so good but whose tongue was so incapable of expressing that goodness. "His Eminence is too unhappy to come himself to comfort and help you. But I will come to-morrow."

"To-morrow. Must it be then very soon?"

"Day after to-morrow you must go away."

The aged Abbess succumbed to this new blow. While the sisters flocked around her, trying to restore her to consciousness, Don Ferdinand de Angelis, bestowing his benediction on the pitiable group, slipped quietly away.

The sisters carried their abbess through the long cloister that ran parallel with the garden. They had ceased weeping, but their steps were weary and lagging, and they seemed to have greatly aged and to be nearer death. Some leaned fainting against the wall; others, turning their eyes toward the cloistered garden, gazed sadly at the tombs scattered among the rose trees.

The cell of Sister Giovanna of the Cross was feebly lighted by a taper floating in a glass of oil. The rule of the Thirty-Three forbade them to have a light during the night, but it was permitted to burn a little votive lamp before the holy image, and Sister Giovanna could not have slept without that light, which softly illumined the crucifix. The floor of the cell was paved with those cold red bricks, common to the poor Neapolitan houses. Its only furniture consisted of a bed, a chair and a chest of drawers; the bed was made of two iron beams with

a single mattress and pillow. The white-washed walls were covered with objects of devotion—sacred pictures, Easter candles and blessed palms. From this cell, which was in the second story, could be seen Naples and its glorious bay, had not the window been closed by heavy shutters that kept out the view. When she first entered the convent, Sister Giovanna used to be constantly attracted to this window, and would even peep through the slats of the shutters at the magnificent panorama outside. In confession she accused herself of the sin of profane curiosity, and indeed it was a sin, inasmuch as it is peccable to mind the life of the world outside. But gradually, as the years and her youth passed away, her memories grew dim, and she overcame the temptation, till she forgot that from that by no means lofty window, beyond the monastery garden lay the glorious world. This evening her utmost efforts failed to help her to lose herself in prayer. After Don Ferdinand de Angells had brought the terrible news to the stricken religieuses, she had gone to her tiny room and thrown herself on the straw chair, reaching her arms out towards the crucifix, but while her lips mechanically repeated the accustomed prayers, her soul was troubled, and sad memories from the past came back to her. She belonged to a bourgeois family in easy circumstances, and in the world she had been called Louisa Bevilacqua. She had a brother Gaetan who was older, and a sister Grace who was younger. Ah, she saw them once more. Her sister, blond, plump, pretty, vain of her blue eyes and golden hair. Her brother, handsome, elegant, despising the paternal middle class, infatuated with the world, a slave to his aristocratic acquaintances. She remembered how self-engrossed and cold they were under their gay and attrac-

tive youthfulness, how adored by their parents, while she, tall, dark, thin, with the long, plain face, bright eyes and black hair common in Naples, received only a distant and formal affection.

"Dio mio, Dio mio! how unhappy they made me!" she groaned, her eyes fastened on the crucifix.

But wherefore this sudden lamentation? Why must this heart again begin to bleed from a wound she thought cured long since? When she was twenty she had loved with an ardent and jealous affection Silvio Fanelli, a young man of means and of better family than herself, who had loved her in return, and had asked her in marriage. The Bevilacqua would give Louisa but thirty thousand lire as her marriage portion, though Grace was to have fifty thousand, and the rest of their by no means inconsiderable fortune was to go to Gaetan, the eldest and head of the house. Proud and generous, Louisa did not trouble herself over this partiality, being content to marry for love rather than for money.

"Oh, Dio mio—you know he was stolen from me!" cried she once more, striking her forehead against the chair. She had indeed been betrayed. Grace and Silvio had flirted a little for fun without thought of evil, he with the vanity common to young men, she to tease her big sister. Then, gradually, passion had entered on the scene; at first secretly allured by the attraction of forbidden fruit, and at last so openly and defiantly, that Louisa could no longer ignore it. Oh, why had she not died of grief the day in which she had made the terrible discovery? Because her pride sustained her. She proudly fortified herself against despair—pale and impassive, without complaint, she yielded up her fiancé to her sister. Oh, how had she been able to pronounce that word?

From what unknown source had strength been granted her? Without doubt God wished to draw her to Himself, to have her leave a world full of selfishness, cruelty and injustice. Had not those whom she most loved proved themselves faithless and cruel? Who had defended her from traitors? Even her parents had thought it quite natural that her fiancé should end by preferring her younger sister. Nothing was left of her love but weariness and disillusion, her hopes and wishes had been reduced to ashes, and after so frightful a disaster her only comfort was in solitude and in prayer. One day she simply announced that she had a vocation for the convent, that the order she chose was that where the rule was the most severe, where the seclusion was like death. At twenty-two she entered the convent of the Thirty-Three, at twenty-six pronounced her vows—and for thirty-six years she had never once crossed the threshold of her abode.

Such was the simple story of Sister Giovanna. And this story, when she was still young and her hair grew rapidly under its white band, had seemed to her a frightful drama, in which she had played the role of heroine of the tragedy. But as the fervor of her youthful blood grew calm, the memories grew fainter and at last she was free in God. She had not indeed the transports of Saint Catherine, nor the ecstasies of Sister Ludevaine; her faith was simple, circumscribed, humble, but such as it was it had brought her consolation and peace. For she was truly consoled, and if on this night of anguish and wretchedness, some sad accusations against the past had escaped her, she was herself greatly astonished and her own words appeared like the words of a stranger. No, it was not the past that had so greatly disturbed her; henceforward nothing in the past could cause her suffering.

But it was thirty-six years since she had fled from wretchedness to this peaceful refuge, and now she was no longer young, being more than sixty. Although she had no mirror to see her face, she was conscious that time had left its imprint upon it; although her hair was short under her bands, she knew it was white. The years had brought her resignation, but they had brought, too, weakness and lassitude. And then she had passed a lifetime in her tiny cell, with the certainty that this roof would cover her always and that she should die in her little bed. And now the cruelty of fate had thrown her into the unknown at a time when one desires nothing so much as rest. To-morrow the little bed would be hers no longer, she would be driven from that cherished refuge and she knew not where she could find a home.

Alas, to-morrow when she should cross that threshold, which she had believed closed always for her, where should she go? To her family? She did not know whether they were living or dead. Since she had left the world she had neither heard nor asked any news of them. Alone, old, afraid, embarrassed, in her black veil and black cloak, what would become of her, if she could find no one? And how would she live? On what should she live? Of course each nun had brought with her to the convent a dower which was her own; her dower had been but twenty thousand francs, for her parents had taken away the rest. But would the Government restore their money to the poor expelled nuns? Some thought one thing and some another. And if not, how should she manage to subsist? Terror took possession of her soul, childish and foolish terror, the fear of the unknown, the fear of that great world full of incomprehensible and terrible things, terror that makes the blood turn cold in the veins and

the teeth chatter and the limbs tremble. By this time a pale light came in at the window, and Sister Giovanna of the Cross, who for so many years had never cast even one glance through the slats of the shutters, approached and looked out. The orb of day was climbing above the horizon. The sea, in the distance, resembled molten silver. The roofs of Naples were slowly emerging from the fog. It was there—this world. It was down there she must go—she had never dreamed such a thing could happen. Despairing, inconsolable, she gazed at the great unknown world lying at her feet, bathed in the morning light, while bitter tears coursed down her cheeks.

II.

It was the eve of the fatal day, all were given over to despair and were lamenting their sad fortune.

"Sister, it is the last time we shall say vespers together."

"Sister, it is the last time we shall chant together the *Pange lingua*."

"Sister, it is the last time we shall pass together through the cloisters."

"Sister, it is the last night we shall be allowed to sleep in this holy abode."

They bowed their heads in desolation, the younger and more sensitive wringing their hands. When the hour of repose arrived they were unwilling to go to their cells, but persisted in remaining up, standing in groups in the halls and at the doors of the refectory, murmuring sadly to one another.

"It is the last night."

"It is the last night."

Sister Veronica of Calvary, who was said to live in a state of perfect grace, resolved, in spite of her seventy years and her rheumatism, to pass the entire night alone in prayer in the church, and when at dawn she came out she was stiff with cold. Sister Francesca

of the Seven Words prostrated herself on the steps of the Holy Staircase which had been built in imitation of the one in Rome with thirty-three steps, up which the strongest and most devout used to go on their knees as a penance. Sister Giovanna of the Cross went down about midnight into the garden and gathered flowers, poor little common flowers, which she made in bunches and tied with a string, and placed them on the graves of those sisters who had been happy enough to be buried there. She wandered a long while among those graves, looking herself, in the pale moonlight, like a ghost, stopping to pray and weep before each one, quite unconscious that her robe was drenched with dew and her wet veil was glued to her face.

After matins, absorbed in the one fixed idea that filled their simple souls, they began to repeat with a sad monotony to each other:

"Sister, we must go away to-day."

"Sister, to-day we must leave the home of Ursula."

"Sister, to-day we shall be thrown into the world."

"Oh, Sister, to-day! to-day!"

Then they added, with despair in their souls:

"I have lived here forty years."

"And I thirty-seven."

"I was twenty-five when I came."

"And I was eighteen."

At noon the Abbess summoned them into the great hall and exhorted them once more to endure their tribulation with courage and to gather together the little they possessed of their own. She herself, who was of the noble family of Mormile and had brought a rich dowry when she entered the convent, had bidden Christina, a lay sister, pack all her effects, which, made into a little bundle wrapped in a black shawl, were lying behind the great seat of the Abbess.

"And the Images," cried the pious

Veronica of Calvary. "can we take them away with us?"

"Those that are in your cells, you can take away."

"Oh, if we could only carry away the Ecce Homo in the church."

"Ah, if we could have the statue of the Blessed Virgin."

"And the Holy Sacrament of the altar."

"And the Holy Staircase."

"And the walls of the convent, these dear walls."

Such were some of the expressions drawn from them by their despair. By a gesture of her aged hands, now so yellow and shrivelled, which for more than a half century had only moved in blessing or in prayer, the Abbess essayed to restore quiet.

"Go, my daughters, go—obey me."

They obeyed; all the doors leading into the long corridor in the second story stood open, and with the slow movement of age each nun took her scanty wardrobe from the drawers, unhung from the walls the images, crucifix, the Easter candles, the Agnus Dei, the rosaries; reverently kissing each object, they recited silently a prayer and commended themselves to some divine protector.

"Oh, Jesus, have pity upon us!"

"Oh, Madonna de la Salette, protect us!"

"Oh, Holy Antony, who accords each day thirteen favors——"

"Oh, Holy Andrew of Avellino, who assists the faithful in the hour of death!"

Some threw themselves on their beds and kissed passionately the pillows upon which they had so long rested. Some fell down half-fainting upon their single chair; others wandered in and out in a dazed condition.

All at once, hurried steps sounded in the corridor, and Judith the portress rushed in, crying in a voice of horror:

"The convent is violated, the seclu-

sion of the convent is violated! Government officials are down stairs!" and at the same time a dull, rumbling noise made itself heard in the halls below. Beside themselves with wild terror, forgetful of age or infirmities, with one accord the sisters, leaving their cells, ran to take refuge behind the high chair of their abbess, Sister Theresa of Jesus, exclaiming breathlessly:

"The convent is broken open—broken open."

In silence Sister Theresa rose, only her hands, upon which shone the silver ring, trembled.

Three men entered the room. The first was the prefect, Gaspard Andrian; he was tall and thin and wore a carefully tended red beard; he wore gold eyeglasses and was dressed with the quiet elegance of one who, although long past fifty, still desires to please. He had carefully taken off his glossy black-silk hat, an amiable, ironical smile enlivened his rather expressionless face—evidently he was a ruler with the hand of iron under the velvet glove. The second, a pale and dark young man, his moustache fiercely curled upwards, was the *Chevalier questelli*, the lawyer of the prefecture, as cold but not less elegant than his chief. The third and last, an ordinary looking person, with servile manners, but well dressed, wearing the traditional gloves which distinguish the officials of the questura, was the chief of police. They all three approached the Abbess, and the prefect, his head bent hypocritically forward, addressed her in a low voice:

"I regret, illustrious lady, that I am forced to execute so disagreeable a mission. I come to take possession, in the name of the King, of this monastery, together with all the property which appertains to it."

"And I," replied distinctly the old Abbess, her eyes under her veil fixed on the prefect; "I protest in the name

of the order established by Sister Ursula Benincasa, in the name of the community I represent, in the name of these nuns here present, and in my own name, against the violation of our vows."

The prefect cast down his eyes and bowed in the most polished style of which he was capable.

"I am very sorry, illustrious lady, that I cannot receive your protest. The Government has dissolved the religious orders and consequently there is no longer a convent."

Without paying the least attention to the prefect the Abbess continued:

"I protest against this seizure, as illegal and wicked, and with the consent of my superior, I reserve the privilege of judicial trial in my own name and those of my companions."

The prefect glanced at the counsellor sarcastically and was answered by a smile. Sister Theresa had just repeated the formula presented by His Eminence.

"The tribunals will decide," he replied with an air of condescension. "But just now I implore you, reverend mother, to respect the Government's decision and permit me to execute my duty."

As he minced out these phrases of administrative eloquence, the prefect looked slyly at the nuns, as did also his two companions—a vulgar curiosity to behold those faces, which were always hidden under black veils, taking possession of them. As the nuns became aware of the glances the men were fixing upon them, they huddled together behind the Abbess's chair like a flock of frightened sheep.

"Do you hear, illustrious lady?" asked the prefect in a wheedling voice.

"Yes, but I do not understand. Please explain yourself."

"Each one of the nuns, beginning with yourself, must raise her veil, and

tell me her surname, that I may prove her identity."

Fourteen horror-stricken voices exclaimed:

"No, no; raise our veils, never."

"But that you will be forced to do, mesdames," declared the prefect, smiling drily.

They renewed their cries:

"No, no! Tell him, reverend mother, it is impossible for us to lift our veils."

"You see, Sir," said the abbess, "they refuse."

"You must make them do it. You have the power, since they owe you obedience," answered the prefect, frowning heavily.

"But I also have a duty, which is never to command anything incompatible with their vows."

"I expect you to set the example," replied the official coldly.

"No."

"Are you quite determined?"

"Yes."

"Oh, then you oblige me to have recourse to force."

"Very well."

Thereupon the prefect approached Sister Theresa and, having bowed, reached out his hand and seized her veil. A groan of mystic horror sounded from the nuns, but the Abbess did not move a muscle. Her poor, emaciated face was laid bare, a face in which nobility of race was joined with the nobility of a life entirely consecrated to God; a face already marked by the approach of death with a high and holy expression, together with the pathos and gentleness of great sorrow borne with absolute resignation.

The prefect stood still in confusion and looked at the Government counsellor, who on his side seemed ill at ease. As for the police agent, he bore the insufferable air of a common man employed in a delicate matter. In order to hide his embarrassment, the pre-

fect, drawing out a paper, began to read:

"Illustrious lady, you are the duchess Angiola Mormile de Casalmaggiore, of the princes of Triverito."

After several moments of silence, she replied slowly:

"I am Sister Theresa of Jesus, Abbess of this monastery. In the world—yes—in the world, I was what you say."

Forthwith with the same freedom as in the first instance, the prefect approached the frightened flock. The nuns trembled like leaves. But following the example of their abbess, they neither moved nor spoke. Fourteen

veils were lifted one after another, fourteen faces uncovered. They were all old, these faces; some so thin the bones appeared almost ready to burst through the skin; others burdened with fat, others wrinkled and round like fruit dried for winter use, still others with hooked noses which almost touched their chins. A slight shiver contracted these faces unaccustomed to contact with the air, and their eyes were dazzled by the sunshine. But every mouth, pale with anguish and sublime with resignation, kept silence.

The prefect and the counsellor appeared annoyed and disappointed.

(To be continued.)

THE SCHOOL AT WAR.

TO J. E. PEARSON.

All night before the brink of death
In fitful sleep the army lay,
For through the dream that stilled their breath
Too gauntly glared the coming day.

But we, within whose blood there leaps
The fulness of a life as wide
As Avon's water where he sweeps
Seaward at last with Severn's tide,

We heard beyond the desert night
The murmur of the fields we knew,
And our swift souls with one delight
Like homing swallows Northward flew.

We played again the immortal games,
And grappled with the fierce old friends,
And cheered the dead undying names,
And sang the song that never ends;

Till, when the hard, familiar bell
Told that the summer night was late,
Where long ago we said farewell
We said farewell by the old gate.

"O, Captains unforgot," they cried,
"Come you again or come no more,
Across the world you keep the pride,
Across the world we mark the score."

The Spectator.

Henry Newbolt.

THE SUN AS PAINTER IN WATER-COLORS.

Any one who, strolling along Regent Street during the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society for 1900, should have chanced to enter the New Gallery, where this fine show was held, could scarcely fail to have been attracted by one of the smallest and most unpretentious exhibits, which occupied a prominent position in the central hall. This exhibit was presided over by a most courteous attendant, whose time was largely occupied in explaining to a wondering throng that what appeared to be a neat little collection of exquisitely finished lantern-slides colored by hand in an astonishingly perfect style, were actually nothing of the sort—that the human hand had taken no direct part in their production, but that they were untouched photographs in natural colors by the Sanger Shepherd process. He proceeded to demonstrate that these pictures were not the hand-painted transparencies they at first sight suggested, by taking up a separate specimen and showing that it was composed of three pieces of celluloid held fast in a letter-clip. On this being opened the three films fall apart, and at a casual glance present a strong resemblance to three prints from a single negative, each in a different color, and without any specially noticeable features beyond a possible suggestion of imperfect detail at some points. The skilled attendant replaces them in the clip, one upon another, taking a little care to ensure perfect "registration"—a matter very easily settled—and, lo! there is a finely painted lantern-slide! The effect upon the mind of abrupt transition from three unattractive monochromatic prints to a single brilliant nature-painted picture, delightfully accurate

in its rendering of all the original coloring, is very striking. It is hard to find suitable words to express the pleasure experienced on looking at these superb productions. The change from prints made by ordinary processes to those of perfected natural color photography is the more noticeable because the chiaroscuro of the former does not agree with that of the original as seen by the eye. The varying "luminosities" or intensities of the light reflected to the eye by ordinary colored objects are, it is well known, widely different from those registered by photography in the ordinary way. So great is this difference that to represent pure spectrum colors (or mixtures of these colors) with even an approach to correct gradation, in monochrome, by means of the older photographic methods and plates is impossible. In fact, were it not for the almost universal admixture of white light with the colors of nature, photography by such processes would have had, to say the least, but a limited range of usefulness. Monochromatic photography of light and shade, or color luminosity as the eye sees it, is now, however, rendered as simple as it is effective. It is likely to be merely a matter of time for this special improvement in monochrome work to be universally adopted; in portraiture its significance can hardly be overestimated. The process is known as "Orthochromatic Photography;" it cannot, however, deal with color *as* color—cannot, for instance, specialize a dark blue or a light red—but it does properly portray the relative luminosity or eye-exciting power of those colors, which, as most people are aware, is usually reversed in ordinary photographs.

To return to our sun-painted transparencies. It was remarked that *at first sight* they appear as though painted by hand; the reason for the italics is instantaneously apparent when one proceeds to scrutinize these exquisite miniatures through a lens. Best of all, as affording the deepest insight into the superlative beauties of the new pictures, are the stereoscopic specimens. Three slides in particular—Japanese lilies, cacti, and a large overturned basket of grapes, pears and apples—were surpassingly interesting. These remarks may perhaps be thought extravagant, but written descriptions fail to convey any adequate idea of the satisfying pleasure of examining such lovely objects—they must be seen to be appreciated. Some months ago such satisfactory natural paintings had no existence. It may well be asked how such a triumph has been effected, for it is scarcely too much to assert that never have nature and art combined to produce anything more perfect or more beautiful. Seldom, also, have means for the attainment of a grand object been rendered more simple, applicable or reliable; any amateur can at once bring the process into use with confidence. In support of this statement it may be remarked that the subjects of the foregoing comments were taken by amateurs using an ordinary camera.

Persons now living are able to recall the advent of the Daguerreotype: how, in the fourth decade of the last century, Daguerre startled the world with his sun-pictures or heliographs—positives, each impressed on a prepared silver plate after prolonged exposure, and developed by mercurial vapor. The writer well recollects such portraiture, and seeing specimens in a showcase in the City Road, London, in the early fifties. Fox Talbot patented his Calotype process very shortly after Daguerre's invention was made public.

This was a system of forming a negative on paper in the camera, from which many positives could be printed. The Daguerreotype was spoken of on its introduction as "little short of miraculous." From these pioneer processes for rendering permanent the fleeting images of the "camera-obscura" (justly considered at the time an immense achievement) to present-day photography is indeed a far cry.

Photography in natural colors has been a dream of experimentalists and of enthusiasts since a very early period in the history of the art—a goal which for many years appeared unattainable, so slight were the grounds for hoping that it would ever be reached. Most inventions of importance have been brought to pass through the persevering endeavors of a few great minds to develop the facts of nature for truth's own sake. It is so in the present instance. Among those most prominent in this class of research may be mentioned the names of Clerk-Maxwell, Helmholtz, and—foremost in the work of reducing light and color to an exact science—Captain (now Sir William) Abney. Without such generalizations and apparatus as those of the eminent physicist last named, the solution of the problem in its entirety must still have remained a "thing hoped for." M. Becquerel long ago found that a "curious compound" formed by the action of nascent chlorine on the surface of a plate coated with metallic silver, and which he was led to believe was violet sub-chloride of silver, "has the faculty of diffusing rays of the same refrangibility as those which have acted chemically upon it"—in an article in the "Photographic News" of the year 1859, he stated that he had photographed the spectrum in its purity. This discovery, however, though a most significant one, proved of merely theoretical interest, as no

means could be devised of fixing colored images so produced. After Sir Isaac Newton had demonstrated the compound nature of white light, it was long held that the primary constituents of white rays were red, yellow and violet rays. This deduction has been found to be erroneous, it being determined by more exact methods of analysis and synthesis that the actual hues to be regarded as primary are a particular red, a particular green, and a particular blue-violet. The way was thus paved for experiments by which Professor Clerk-Maxwell, as far back as the year 1861, was enabled to indicate a plan (involving the employment of rays of colored light of the three primary hues) which, worked out and perfected, it was thought might lead to the power of reproducing natural colors. The photographic plates of the period were, however, far too insensitive to the red part of the spectrum to admit of perfect results. An important advance had been made, but the end was not yet. M. Lippmann's reproduction of colors, on the "interference" principle, with a single exposure, though extremely ingenious and replete with interest from a philosophical point of view, would appear to have been not altogether and conclusively satisfactory, apart from the fact of its yielding but one positive for each exposure—an enormous drawback to commercial utility. Mr. Frederick Ives, of Philadelphia, with his *kromograms* (color-records) and *kromoskop* (color-viewer), did some good service to the cause, actually producing truthful effects on a plan identical in principle to that of Clerk-Maxwell's lantern demonstration. The instrument was a combination of mirrors designed to reflect the primary hues through three transparent positives. It well confirmed the Young-Helmholtz theory that any color effect whatever is reproducible to the eye

from red, green and blue-violet. But, apart from the cumbersomeness of a special viewing-apparatus, any process directly employing colored light is seriously handicapped in respect to the brilliancy of the resulting picture. Such systems demand rays of exceptional intensity in order to sufficiently illuminate the transparencies, and, when used in connection with the triple magic-lantern, only admit of very small pictures being thrown on a screen.

Louis Ducos du Hauron, in 1860, struck the keynote of a more excellent way, and it is the full development of his idea that has at length culminated in a triumph for natural color photography. Without forsaking the "three-color" principle, he pointed out the road to ultimate success by attacking the problem in a reverse direction. The direct process consisted in printing ordinary lantern transparencies from three negatives, the densities of which resulted from the action of the three primary colors (this being the usual first step in three-color work), and through these transparent positives were poured light-rays of approximately the same color as those which had formed the negatives—each through each. Instead of "filtering out" red, blue and green rays, and directly combining them through the three positives, this ingenious inventor printed his transparencies each in the (compound) color *complementary to that which had formed its negative*. In this way he obtained three transparencies, each of which absorbed (or prevented the passage of) light of the color which the original had not reflected at any particular point, the negative being obviously transparent at all such points. Du Hauron thus brought about indirectly the results of the Clerk-Maxwell and Ives systems, but his plan involved the conditions essential to commercial success. It dispensed

with viewing-apparatus, or the alternative of projection by three sources of differently colored light; and, the pictures being illuminated by white light, and themselves acting as color-filters, very much greater brilliancy would result. These remarks are only intended to form a rapid sketch of the logical outcome of Du Hauron's method. Thirty years of experiment have been required to enable Messrs. Sanger Shepherd & Co. to bring their perfected process before the world. It may be observed that the idea of printing in complementary or "minus" tints bears an exact analogy to the monochrome system, where the negative is taken by the action of white light, and the print is made in black or quasi-black—that is, *minus-white*.

In the case of experiments like that of M. Becquerel, or in the Lippmann process—where delicate variations in the thickness of a film backed by a mercurial reflecting-surface engender colors by the interference of one light-wave with another, an effect often seen in soap-bubbles—nature is employed in *creating* the hues by setting up a molecular condition productive of chromatic effects. In the newest process the sun's influence is invoked to select and then to apply a manufactured color-stain, hence the title of this article; for the sun's light—and all light may be said to have originated with the sun—is now employed to paint pictures in a literal, if a modified sense. It not only determines, first of all, in the negatives, where each of the three minus hues is to be laid and with what depth of tint—thus forming a color-record analogous to the phonograph's sound-record—but is afterwards the direct agent in bringing about the depositing and permanent retention on the positive film of each complementary to the precise extent indicated by the varying transparency of the negative. The truthfulness of

the resulting triune picture is thus, in the issue, made dependent upon that of the tinted stains. If these are not absolutely to be relied on to produce on the films the real complementaries of the respective pure primary spectrum hues the system is valueless.

In photographing natural objects by the new color-process, what takes place in practice is this: Each of the negatives—taken through the red, green and blue-violet filters respectively—receives when developed an infinitely varied thickness of deposit more or less all over its surface, which in printing causes an equally varied deposit of the color-stain on the positive film. The amount of this minus-color deposit is in inverse ratio to the intensity of light of the primary color reflected into the camera through the lens and filter in the first instance. The reason for the apparent similarity of the separate transparencies, mentioned at the commencement, is now manifest; obviously the resemblance would be much closer in some cases than in others. These enigmatic pictures, separately unpleasing in their uniformity, being placed one over the other and looked at by transmitted white light, bring about such a balance of transmission and absorption that the details of the original object in all their original gradation of coloring reappear. No visible natural effect is beyond the scope of these minus-tints thus inimitably applied. A little reflection will show that such a result is the inevitable consequence of the preceding conditions.

The prefix "minus" attached to a primary color is to be understood as implying that this particular color is cut out of the spectrum of white light, and that the negatively-named compound is a blend of the hues remaining. "White minus red," "white minus green," and "white minus blue" would be the complete expressions; they are

ordinarily termed complementary colors. The first excites a greenish-blue sensation, the second a kind of pink, and the last-named (minus blue) is a yellow. Each operates by subtracting, or preventing the passage of, one primary hue—affording, of course, a free passage to the other two. At whatever point, then, any primary color is absent in a photographed object, at that point of the picture it will be correspondingly absent, being cut out or absorbed by its complementary, or minus, color. If, for instance, blue is totally absent at any point, no blue ray will reach the eye from that point of the triple transparency; all light of that color will be barred by a full deposit of yellow stain. The same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to green or red. After what has been said, these remarks will be construed as implying, in nearly every instance, a diminution in the amount of light reaching the eye rather than a total extinction of any primary color. With the exception of those witnessed in the prismatic analysis of light, pure color effects (or hues containing not more than two of the primaries) are seldom seen; in nature such hues may be regarded as phenomenal. An overwhelming majority of colors, or shades of color, contain all three primaries in some degree, thereby becoming "impure" colors—that is, colors with which is blended more or less of white light.

It should be noted in passing that the able French experimenter, Du Hauron, invented an instrument which led to the kromskop, besides suggesting the fundamental principle of another system employing closely-ruled lines of color on a glass screen. His most important and valuable practical conception, however, was destined to remain long in embryo; the entire problem was beset with ominous physical difficulties. Very much remained to be done ere a

reliable process could be obtained. The preparation of a light-filter that shall be both accurate in the performance of its function and constructed of such materials that it can be relied upon not to cause distortion of the image, while being at the same time durable, portable and convenient; a sensitive plate properly adapted to secure rapidity of action under the influence of light-waves of the varying lengths found in the spectrum (which wave-lengths regularly decrease from red up to violet); lastly, the vitally important matter previously referred to, of three perfect color-stains; all these are just so many links in a chain—each is indispensable.

We must be certain that our light-filter permits all the light from the selected portion of the spectrum to pass, and no light from any other portion. This is a condition which no unaided human eye can decide. Apart from a very probable "personal equation," the eye is not adapted for such perfect analysis. One filter may appear to differ from another, both really being equal; and, *vice versa*, two may present an identical appearance and yet each may be found to cut out a different range of hues. The instrument now employed to decide the question is the ingenious and beautiful Color Sensitometer of Sir William Abney, whose researches and investigations in this field may be looked upon as exhaustive. This apparatus makes it easy to determine what portions of the spectrum are being transmitted by any transparent medium, and the eye is assisted in such a manner and to such an extent that its decisions become trustworthy. The form of filter adopted is a film, stained as the sensitometer indicates, by an aniline dye, and sealed in optical contact between two pieces of optically-worked glass. For use either in orthochromatic or color photography, light-filters, the properties of

which have literally been measured (and which can therefore be guaranteed to perform correctly), are now commercially produced. So complete are the arrangements under which they are manufactured that a filter guaranteed to cut out any previously specified portion of the spectrum can be made to order.

Accuracy of tint is secured in the color-stains by the crucial test of spectroscopic analysis during the compounding of the dyes from which they are derived.

There remains the plate. Light passing through lenses shielded by green or red filters would produce little or no effect on the plates in general use—at least, not in anything approaching the times of ordinary exposures. Professor Vogel discovered in 1873 that the incorporation of various dyes with the

Chambers's Journal.

emulsions used in preparing the plate sensitized the film to equally various portions of the spectrum. This served to encourage the laborious experiment which in the consummation of a perfect color-process has borne such magnificent fruit. The Cadett Lightning Spectrum plate is that employed by the inventors of the system now described.

It is but just to conclude by remarking that the world owes a debt of gratitude to the eminent practical investigator and scientist whose process is here outlined. The writer was informed that Mr. E. Sanger Shepherd, to whose writings and lectures he is largely indebted in the preparation of this article, has been engaged on the details of this splendid problem for the past ten years. *Finis coronat opus.*

THE PROMISE OF THE HAWTHORN.

Spring sleeps and stirs and trembles with desire

Pure as a babe's that nestles toward the breast.

The world, as yet an all unstricken lyre,

With all its chords alive and all at rest,

Feels not the sun's hand yet, but feels his breath

And yearns for love made perfect. Man and bird,

Thrilled through with hope of life that casts out death,

Wait with a rapturous patience till his word

Speak heaven, and flower by flower and tree by tree

Give back the silent strenuous utterance. Earth,

Alive awhile and joyful as the sea,

Laughs not aloud in joy too deep for mirth,

Presageful of perfection of delight,

Till all the unborn green buds be born in white.

The Saturday Review.

A. C. Swinburne.

MRS. ORIEL.

Mrs. Oriel sat over the fire in the small, comfortable room of a little suburban house.

It was a work-a-day room; books lined the walls, books were piled on the large office table that stood comfortably between fire and window so that the light should fall over the right shoulder; sheets of manuscript lay scattered over the table, and newspapers strewed the floor.

Mrs. Oriel was dreaming; yet her face was not by any means one that suggested a dreamy nature; the eyes were keen and bright, the lips, though full and passionately moulded, firmly set and controlled, the whole figure—to the tips of the small, square fingers—alert with energy and decision.

And indeed Mrs. Oriel's dream apparently troubled her conscientiousness, for she rose presently and tidied the newspapers and drew up the blinds to their full height in a quick way that betokened inability to sit idle for very long together.

The fact was that Mrs. Oriel expected somebody—somebody whose arrival she cared very much about, but whom she would not for worlds have permitted to guess the fact: for it was a "he" whom she was expecting, and that "he" was her only son—Mrs. Oriel was a widow.

Nobody could recollect her being anything else; if the truth were known, perhaps even she herself scarcely remembered being anything else.

The time when she had been a wife—and not altogether a happy wife—had been so very brief, so full of the sorrowful responsibility of upholding a weak nature, that it seemed like a dream—a short, sad preface to the real work of her life—the up-bringing of her boy. He had been everything to

her—her hope, her joy, her pain and care, her ambition and her future; yet everything in a very different way from that widowed mothers generally choose.

She had never indulged him, had not even seemed to love him; there had been no wasted words, no petting between these two. From his very babyhood, silence prevailed between them, and now that he was a big schoolboy the same method obtained.

Mrs. Oriel needed no other and never dreamed that any one else could crave more; but there were just one or two people in the world, who believed in their secret hearts that John was one of those who did.

Not that he ever showed it; he was gentleness and brightness itself to his mother—as to every one else; one of those charming, sunny natures that make friends wherever they go; folk fancied that he must resemble his father, and pitied him because the only parent left him was of so irresponsible a nature.

But folk do not always understand, and perhaps nobody quite gauged the sort of strength that lay beneath John Oriel's reserved gentleness, nor the sort of tenderness that lay beneath his mother's terse rigidity.

Mrs. Oriel cared very little what anybody thought, and would have been irate indeed had she guessed that they said anything, and that they even dared to sympathize with her sometimes for what was her crown of glory; the necessity she was under, of laboring unceasingly that she might educate her boy in the best way.

They pitied her because she, a good-looking woman still, must needs dress with nun-like simplicity and live in the dullest of all surroundings—the

outskirts of a large provincial town. But what could they tell of the joy of self-denial for a cherished object—what could they guess of the intoxication of ambition—ambition that had begun for herself, but that had ended by centreing solely in him.

If her own literary labors had been a pleasure, but a pleasure bringing with it mortification at a comparative failure bred, she knew full well, of insufficient training and superficial education, what was the consolation of knowing that she would buy it all back in time? That by a little more self-denial, a little more faithful plodding and impatient waiting, she could at last send him forth, fully equipped for the fight, to win all the laurels that she had missed.

For years she had sworn that woman was the better horse, that she could easily beat man at his own work; who was to tell that she did not really think so—that she wanted John to fight the fight for her, that all her care was that he should win in her stead—though God forbid that she should say so!

Mrs. Oriel never for one moment doubted that her boy would win. She had never been in the habit of admitting to herself the likelihood of failure in anything. That one should not attain that which one steadfastly and patiently sought, seemed to her so unlikely as to need scant consideration.

And John had always been persistent. It is true he had won no great prizes yet; he had even once cruelly disappointed her. But that was long ago when he had tried for the Eton Scholarship; he was older now, he had always worked well and no pains had been spared that his work should be of the kind most likely to insure success.

One of the masters at the more expensive public schools where she had been obliged to have him educated, when he failed for the scholarship,

took an eager interest in the boy, some said not wholly without a view to securing the mother's good-will.

Mr. Morgan was an exceptionally successful coach. Mrs. Oriel had every confidence in him; John would be a great scholar, a great man, the name of Oriel should ring through the world. All the years of seclusion in this narrow, scholastic centre were not too hard a price to pay for this end.

Therefore was it that Mrs. Oriel again sat idle, though by no means placid, with her hands clasped before her upon her writing-table, and gazed expectantly down the quiet street, where the evening sunlight fell sleepily upon rows of even doorways and well-matched bay windows.

For this was a more than usually momentous home-coming.

John had just tried for a scholarship which should admit him to one of the Universities; he had been up for examination a few days ago and had returned unwontedly jaded and discouraged, and now he had gone to learn the result. She was confident of his success—he had done so well at school of late—and yet she could not help being a little nervous, nor avoid the recollection of Mr. Morgan's sympathetic expression as he said that, although he had good hope, one must never pin one's faith on competitive examinations; and that "whatever happened" John would have done his best.

What could happen but that which she had decreed should happen? She *would* not see the other side of the picture . . . and, when he came down the street at last she chose to think that she saw success in his leisurely gait, and the affectionate eyes upraised to hers.

But she would not ask.

"You're late," was all she said as he strolled in, followed by the terrier who was his faithful companion—the one

indulgence she had ever allowed him. "And you look tired."

Even this was an unwonted attention from her, and he actually blushed. He had not kissed her, but, if she had been less nervous, she would have known the truth from the fact that he avoided her gaze, he who was usually conspicuous for a sort of merry, open self-reliance.

He stood warming his long legs at the scanty fire and blushed.

"Well, it's horrid in London, you know," he said, evasively.

And he stooped down and took the dog's head in his hand, caressing his ears.

"Will you have some tea now or wait for supper?" she asked.

She was used to his slow, gentle, unexpansive ways. Had she not cultivated them? But she wished he would be a little more expansive now.

"No, thank you, I'll wait," he said.

Then she began to have misgivings.

"I'm afraid you're not well," she said.

"Oh, I'm right enough," he answered testily.

And by that unprecedented irritability she knew; he had disappointed her!

Her face flushed a faint, purple tint, but she made no sign; she gave him no help. She hardened her heart; he should have the mortification of confessing his shame unaided. So she only clasped her small, capable hands a little more emphatically together, and said nothing.

Her face paled as her expectantly parted lips tightened and her eyes fixed themselves unmercifully on his.

But he saw her intention, and took the fence pluckily.

He stuck his hands in his pockets and said desperately: "The fact is—well, I'd rather get it over; because I know you'll be awfully disgusted with me. I'm nowhere."

A shiver ran through her, but she sat firm. "Then the names are out," she said coldly.

The fire crackled merrily in the grate; the late autumn sunshine stole kindly down the dreary street, touching the monotonous houses with pretty lights and placid shadows; but Mrs. Oriel was neither merry nor placid—she was cold—cold at heart.

An unjust anger against the boy's tutor took shape within her; she would not have allowed to herself that she found it easier to be angry with the man than angry with the boy, yet so it was. Though beyond her anger, a sense of shame was even now dawning.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said in the same frigid tone, "that you were not in the race at all?"

"Oh, I kept up fairly well till the last," said the boy evasively, running his fingers through his curls in a nervous way that was so foreign to him, that even she was perforce obliged to notice it. "But what's the use of that! A miss is as good as a mile, and it's nonsense pretending otherwise."

After a moment he added in what, for him, was almost a bitter tone: "There's one thing that ought to make it up to you a bit! I was beaten by a girl!"

She winced. If one rod more than another could scourge her sore heart at that moment, this was it. Yet, was it not a text from her own sermons of past years, which she had used as taunts to spur his flagging ambition? How should he guess that, in her inmost thoughts, she had never believed them? That there was in her an unacknowledged ache to be mastered, or at least to be helped, and to feel that the man of her making would win the prize, and outstrip her in the race? How should he know that all this time she had been only paving the way, and that now she wanted to

stand aside and see him ride by to battle and to victory?

"That's nonsense," she said after a pause.

But still he did not understand; he thought that she alluded to the inaccuracy of his statement.

"Well, of course, I don't mean that exactly," he said. "But there was a girl who made more marks than I did, and who got in."

"Oh, yes, I understand," she answered impatiently.

He was a tender-hearted fellow, and he told himself that he oughtn't to have said it, that it was natural she should prefer her boy to be better than somebody else's girl.

But that was the nearest he got to understanding, and, sorry as he was for her—far more sorry than for himself—he was conscious of feeling that she was rather hard on him.

He sighed wearily, and threw himself into a chair; the terrier came and rubbed affectionately against him.

"Poor old Rob, poor old dog," murmured he, caressing the creature again.

The tension on her face relaxed for a moment. She had an impulse to stretch out her hand and lay it on the gray-coated arm that was caressing that dumb animal so abstractedly. But her gray-blue eyes grew hard again, and her lips became set once more; she told herself that she had every right to be angry—and she was angry; angry with him, and angry with the girl who had dared to outstrip him.

"You have not been working," said she, in the same cold tone, "you could have done well enough if you had tried."

He pushed the dog from him, and rose impetuously.

"No, mother," said he, "I beg your pardon, but, indeed, that's not true. I have worked all I knew; I wanted to

succeed, on every account, but chiefly to please you."

She winced a little; and withdrew her eyes from his face, but he did not notice it.

"You've always thought too well of me," he went on quickly. "I never had much brains. When my reports were bad, the masters said it was because I didn't work, and you always believed it. But masters always say that to egg a fellow on, even when it isn't the case. It's no use deceiving you any longer; I haven't got any brains, I shall never do you honor; you ask Mr. Morgan, he'll tell you the truth. You mustn't expect it of me any more."

The lad's sun-tanned face was pale with emotion, and his voice quivered.

Mrs. Oriel's heart contracted, but she could not have analyzed her emotions if she had tried. "Well," said she, after a pause, "you had better get ready for supper."

And he sighed: was it a sigh of relief or of disappointment? as she rose and rang the bell.

Mother and son ate their meal in silence—or, rather, it would be more precise to say that they did not eat it. Mrs. Oriel was too unhappy to eat, and too much occupied with her unhappiness to reflect that it was a much more unnatural thing that John should be unable to eat.

Her thoughts went wandering angrily round Mr. Morgan, who had been so weak as to let her hope, rather than prepare her for the worst. Why had he treated her so foolishly? Did he think her so poor a creature that she could not face disappointment?

And she thought she was facing it bravely because she spoke no word of blame, and did not see that her boy sat drooping with his head in his hand. It was not till the pretence of a

meal was over that she really looked at him.

"Well," said she, pushing her plate from her, and speaking with that dry calm which she would have supposed was heroic forbearance if she had been asked to define it, but which was so much more chilling than words; "well, and what do you intend to do now? I'm afraid it is of no use for you to think of a university education. I couldn't afford to keep you entirely at any university."

The lad raised his face; it still wore a worried look.

"No, no, of course not," he began eagerly, "and that is what I wished to speak about. I don't want to be an expense to you any longer. I—"

"Then what do you intend to do?" she mercilessly interrupted him. "Without a gentleman's education you can scarcely be fit for the profession I had hoped you would adopt."

John Oriel's face reddened; yet it cannot have been with shame, for his eyes shone, and a faint smile broke over his mouth.

"Yes, I know I'm not in the least fitted for the literary profession for which you intended me," said he. "I have thought of that. And Mr. Morgan thinks so too. He said he should speak to you about it."

"Then what do you intend to do?" repeated she, for the third time.

He turned to her, radiant now; all the pain and dejection gone out of his face, that was full of gallant young enthusiasm.

"I've thought about that," said he. "I want to travel, I want to see things—new worlds, new people. I want to rough it. Civilization is all very well, and of course one is proud of it, and all that sort of thing. But, oh, doesn't one long to get away from it sometimes, and see just with one's own eyes! Ah, yes, to get away into the open!"

She felt the flush leap into her face again. That was all he wanted! To get away from all that he had known and seen all his life!

"To get away from all you know is scarcely a profession," said she in her driest voice.

He laughed. All his fear of her, all his humiliation, all his disappointment in the past had vanished; he was thinking only of the future. That was full of hope and possibilities.

"No," said he, "it's not a profession in itself, certainly, but it might lead to professions."

"What professions?" asked she ironically.

"Well, making new settlements, organizing, controlling other men—in fact, I suppose colonizing in one or other of its branches," said he, shyly.

"Colonizing! I thought so. Well, you know what I think of that sort of thing. The rage of the hour. The ruination of all individual culture; the paralyzing of all self-improvement; the sapping of the real inward strength of the nation. I'm sick of the word! All our good stuff is to be drafted out of us into 'the open,' as you're pleased to call it. But it's more or less the riff-raff of society that gets there, let me tell you; the men who have been tried and found wanting at home. Oh, I can't discuss it," cried Mrs. Oriel, conscious, perhaps, of some lack of consistency, some flaw in her argument. "It's my pet bug-bear, colonization—and I can't talk of it quietly."

She rose as she said so, and led the way back to the little parlor; she walked rapidly, without even glancing at him; if she had looked, she would have seen the transient flush on his weary young face fade slowly away, leaving it of a strange pallor.

"What qualification do you consider you have for such a life?" she resumed, speaking in something more like her usual manner when she found

herself seated in her usual place, and surrounded by the emblems of her daily toil. "One can scarcely go into colonization as one goes into an office in the city."

"Of course one must make a beginning," said the lad with a sigh, yet not altogether without pride. "Even the great men who have done so nobly and so well at it must have made a beginning, and perhaps a very humble one too."

"The 'great men' as you call them, were very likely marked out by nature for that special work. One can't colonize all by oneself, one must have a special ability for the organization you talk of, a special influence over one's fellow-creatures, a power of inspiring them with confidence."

John Oriel looked up keenly, with some revival of the ardor of a few minutes before.

Mr. Morgan thinks I have some of the qualifications," said he eagerly. "He has a friend in Rhodesia who is over here just at the moment; he is going to introduce me to him—to us, so that we may talk it all over."

"Mr. Morgan?" exclaimed the widow in her hardest voice, "you don't mean to tell me that you have been discussing this matter with Mr. Morgan?" and her gray eyes shone.

"Yes, indeed I have," said the boy simply; "he has taken a great interest in it; he has been awfully kind to me."

Mr. Morgan, her friend, whom she had always considered her ally, a staunch supporter of her views!

There was silence; for a moment she forgot the boy and he looked at her. His eyes were not gray and brilliantly changeable like hers, they were brown eyes, clear but deep, good, kind eyes, and as he looked at his mother they were pathetic eyes.

"Of course it would be horrid leaving you," he began, but she interrupted him quickly:

"Oh, don't let that trouble you. It has not been my habit to depend upon the society of any fellow-creature for happiness, as you know. I prefer solitude. As to yourself, no doubt you counted on leaving me when you found out that the only career possible to you was one which would oblige you to leave me."

He withdrew his eyes from her face and passed his hand, his big, clumsy, unformed boy's hand, through the curls that were sticking up assertively in a defiant bunch on the crown of his head.

"You know that if I had passed, mother, I should have done what you wished me to do," said he dejectedly. "I tried my best, as I tell you; indeed I did! If I had got the Entrance Scholarship I should have gone to the university, and then I suppose I should have tried again for some appointment, and, in fact, I should have gone on struggling to do what you wanted of me all my life. I don't believe I should ever have liked it, but I should have tried because—well, because you've done lots for me and all that sort of thing, and of course I should have wanted to please you. But I've failed—I have failed twice now, you see. I should only have gone on failing, and that wouldn't have been fun for either of us, would it?"

She turned her face away, for she felt that her lip was quivering slightly, for the first time, and she would have died rather than let him see it.

"And, do you know, mother," added he cheerfully, "I think it's really a jolly good thing I have failed again so soon. It's better than if I had disappointed you out and out when I was older and you had spent more money on me. And perhaps some day I may be able to do something for you after all."

The air of manly superiority and a

budding spirit of protection in the boy would have made her smile if she could have smiled, would have touched her if she had let herself be touched.

"What steps did you think of taking about the matter?" she asked, when she dared trust herself to speak again.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied with charming vagueness. "I hadn't thought about it at all."

"That's a pity," said the mother, "because it seems to me that the thing to be considered is whether the career offers any reasonable prospect of your being able to support yourself."

He was silent.

"Perhaps you thought I should still continue to be able to support you," she began; but then something that was very much like a groan burst from him, and she stopped.

"Indeed—indeed I didn't, mother," murmured he distressfully. "I thought Mr. Morgan might have some interest—I knew it would be difficult—but I thought I could rough it, I wouldn't mind how much I roughed it. I didn't want you to help me. But the fact is, I didn't think about the money part of it at all, I'm sorry to say."

She laughed—not merrily.

"I'm afraid it must be thought of nevertheless," she said.

"Perhaps Mr. Morgan will be able to advise us," he answered rather wearily.

The name produced a different effect from that which he had expected. Mrs. Oriel had sat till now erect and rigid, gazing, but gazing blindly, upon the papers spread over her work-table. But at that name she lifted her head like a war-horse and rose from her seat. Some retort was on her lips, but she stopped, and instead walked straight to the tall bookcase that stood against the wall, turning her back on her son and gazing up at the familiar

volumes almost as though they might bring her comfort and counsel.

Thus it was that she again did not notice the sudden, sick pallor that overspread his fresh young face, a pallor that should have warned her there was something amiss that needed her woman's care.

"I think, mother, I will go to bed," said he.

She only answered absently: "Do. I am sure you must be tired."

He rose, looking at her wistfully; he would have given worlds to help her, but he did not know how, and it did not occur to him that the best way would have been to ask her to help him.

PART II.

When he had left her, she turned, and came and sat in his seat by the fire. She sat knotting her small brown hands fiercely together, and trying to think; she wanted to weigh things honestly, to look at them from his point of view, but the crumbling of the edifice that she had been quietly building up all through these long years was too sudden, she could not yet regard its fall with philosophy.

Mr. Morgan!

Ay, there was the crux of the whole thing! She would not believe that her pain might be of her own making, for blindly building her house upon sand; she chose to hold that she had been cruelly wronged, and if she had been wronged, was it not Mr. Morgan who had wronged her?

The gate of her tiny front garden clicked, and a step sounded on the gravel path—a quick, energetic step that she knew. She smoothed her hair, and sat up resolute.

She heard the little maid answer the bell, and Mr. Morgan ask, in that voice that takes the reply for granted, whether she was in.

In that short interval it had crossed her mind that she would say "not at home," but she had rejected that expedient as a subterfuge unworthy of herself, and of the man who had been her friend; there was something unpleasant to be said—let her say it at once; the intention was writ plain on her expressive face, as the door of her room opened.

The man who entered was tall and spare; he had a frank, open countenance, a strongly marked jaw, and a pair of uncommonly keen dark gray eyes; he entered as one enters who is familiar in the house.

"Where is John?" said he, holding the widow's hand for a moment in a quick firm grip, and with keen eyes searching the room; "you don't mean to say he has not come home?"

"Oh, yes, he has come home," said Mrs. Oriel, drily, and taking her hand from his. "He has gone to bed."

"Then you know," said Mr. Morgan, with a decided little nod of the head, as who should add, "that is well."

"Oh, yes, I know," she answered with a little laugh. And she sat down again; there was an unmistakable air of "keep-your-distance" about her, which might have made any one smile who had known the long friendship between these two.

But Mr. Morgan did not smile; he glanced at her sharply, and then looked away again, and in his eyes a sympathy that was almost tender gradually took the place of the keenness.

He made no reply to her remark, or to the bitterness that was so scantily veiled in it. He merely said: "The boy was not looking at all well. I should scarcely have troubled you to-night, but that I was really anxious to know that there was nothing amiss with him."

"Oh, it's no wonder he should be out of sorts and tired," said she, not over

gently. "I suppose even he is disappointed."

He had taken up his position on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and was looking down at her quietly.

"You know he is disappointed," he said at last. "Just as disappointed as you are, because he has disappointed you."

She did not answer; her face was still hard and obstinate.

"But he has done his best," continued the master, after a pause, "he has worked his hardest at all times. In fact, I am not sure," he added; and then he stopped—out of consideration for her—perhaps lest she should upbraid herself; her face did not show that his reticence was required, and he frowned a little as he noted it. But he went on gently:

"If he has failed, it is not his fault. I hoped he might have succeeded; through sheer conscientious endeavor, though, as you know I always told you, it was by no means sure; I still think he might have succeeded"—again he paused, searching her face; she did not meet his eye, she still sat with her hands clenched and her lips pressed hardly together; and he added remorselessly—"if he had not broken down through over-work, if his brain had not given out at the crucial moment."

He expected to see her start—alarm in her eyes, in her voice. But she only turned a shade paler, and her tone was metallic as she said: "I thought as much!" And then she added fiercely: "Why was he over-worked?"

The man started as one who is struck—self-possessed as he was, this disturbed his calculations. She went on, the torrent of her speech now loosed.

"If he was over-worked, who was to blame? Did I not confide him to you?

Did I not beg you to do the best for him—that he might succeed? If that was not the best, why did you do it? If his brain was not equal to the strain, why did you put the strain upon it? You knew what he could do—you were watching him! If he was over-conscientious, why did you take advantage of it? You say he might have succeeded if he had come to the contest fresher. Why did you not see to it that he was fresh?"

She paused for breath; her voice was shaking, but it was not with tears—not yet—it was with anger. She waited for him to answer—to excuse himself. But he did not speak.

Her bosom still rose and fell with the violence of her emotion, but it had time to calm itself, and another emotion—one that she would not have chosen to confess was something akin to fear—had time to shape itself in her breast before he opened his lips. She did not dare to look at him, or she might have seen that, for all his outward calm, his hands were clenched till the knuckles were white.

At last he said: "You are right, Mrs. Oriel. I can only say that your reproof is just—perfectly and entirely just."

She shifted uneasily in her chair; the fiercest heat of her fury was beginning to fall to white ash—the dead ash of shame; but she was not yet conscious of that, and began bravely once more.

"You say you warned me that there was a chance of John's failure, but you never warned me in such a way as to make me believe you. Why did you buoy me up with false hopes? Why did you egg the boy on if there was no chance for him? It was cruel—cruel to both of us!"

"Yes," said he, "you are right again; it was cruel to both of you—and it is idle now to say that, when I did it, I did not think it would be cruel! But

it was—and the worst of it is that it was most cruel to John."

He paused—gathering himself together as if for a leap; then he said—apparently without any emotion: "I did it because I——" He stopped short; then, as though he were substituting another expression for the one he had at first intended to use, added: "because I thought of you first."

She started, flashing a quick, astounded, and half-frightened glance at him—a glance utterly unlike her usual unflinching gaze.

"Yes," he repeated, "I considered you first. For years I have admired you, admired your resolution, your pluck, your patient work and self-denial; and I did that for which you so justly reprove me, because I wanted to give you what you so ardently desired, what you had so bravely labored for. I have made a grievous mistake—more than one grievous mistake—I had no right to consider you first. I am well punished; not only by your anger against me but, far more, by the sense that, while I have been cruel to you both, I have been most cruel to the one to whom I should have been most kind; to the young life whose future lay partly in my hands, whose hope no one should have dared to crush, whose struggle is all to come, but whose reward also, I believe to be surer than you now, perhaps, think possible."

As he went on, Mr. Morgan had spoken less directly to her, more abstractedly—as though arguing with himself.

And she sat still as one numbed; a strange trouble growing in her turbulent breast, a maddening medley of thoughts that she could not at first unravel—a bewildering sense of some priceless gift half-offered, and as quickly withdrawn, of a haven of rest opening to the view, and as rapidly obscured, worse than all, a sense of comparative impotence that she was little

used to; she sat silent, the red flame of anger dying down, it is true—quenched by this calm, cold candor, as by the persistent pouring of a cool stream of water—but sinking to the bitter smouldering of regret—of remorse.

"Yes, Mrs. Oriel," repeated the master, more emphatically, and in a tone that somehow removed him from the close intimacy of a friendship which she now knew had been very sweet to her, "yes, I do honestly believe that John's reward will one day be a far greater one than you now choose to think. You have set your face to one goal only, and you will find it hard, I know, to see any other. But there is another—the goal that your boy himself desires to reach, the future that is his own. I think, till now, you have only thought of what you wished; will you allow me to say that I think it would be better—wiser—to pay some attention to what he wishes? For there is but one desire in his mind, and I think there has never been any other; he told me that he intended to speak to you about it in the event of his falling to-day."

He looked at her, inquiring, and, seeing that she was expected to speak—she spoke.

"He has said something to me about wanting to get out to the colonies—and longing to get away from everything he had known all his life," she said, in a thin, low voice.

"Ah," he murmured, "had he never touched on the subject before?"

"Never," she answered, curtly. "That is to say, he had rhapsodized vaguely, but I never dreamed that he was talking of it as regarded himself. It did not occur to me that it was the career for my son—a lad who has not a sixpence to inherit, but who, I thought, inherited some brains."

"Mrs. Oriel," Mr. Morgan began again, "I should behave to you worse than I have already if I did not tell

you boldly that you are wrong. John has brains, though not the brains that you designed he should have. Nature never cut him out for a scholar, his gifts are of the heart rather than of the head, but they are great gifts—gifts of a remarkable directness and force of character, of an unconscious and unusual power of observation, born of a rare and beautiful sympathy—gifts that should one day make of him a leader of men, if his lot be cast where his voice can be heard. I have often wished, and have culpably failed to find the opportunity to tell you of the extraordinary influence which John has exercised over his companions during the years of his school-life. When he first came to the college there was a spirit of insubordination afoot which gave us cause for grave uneasiness. It had arisen as an epidemic may arise, brought one could not tell how, gathering force, one could not tell whence. We had expelled some boys, reasoned with others, but we could not put our foot upon the mischief. But after John had been about a year at the college I noticed a better tone abroad. It began among the younger ones while he was a youngster—there was less sneaking, they stood up more pluckily for their rights when they could get them, bore injustice more pluckily when they could not. And the better influence spread slowly, but surely, to the top. There was less bullying, less underhand play—less of the spirit that had troubled us; I felt instinctively that we had a new force on our side. I watched, and I knew that that force centred in John. He had an influence that we could never hope to have. It was a simple, breezy, sunny influence—no preaching, no quarrelling; I don't know whether it began through his winning the cricket and football matches for them, through their admiration of him; but I am inclined to

think that, even from the first, there was more in it than that; the subtle, unconscious influence of a fine, valiant, and upright nature—of a nature that held the secret of power over men. A rare gift—a very rare and wondrous gift!

"Well, from that moment I made your son my friend, and gradually I won his confidence, I consulted with him, I took his advice. We no longer expelled, or very rarely, we left the thing more or less to John, though he never guessed it. His influence exists through its simplicity, and its simplicity, so far, is unsullied, and, I believe, will remain so. John has elevated the school, has purified it, has made it. John is the school's hero, and justly so. He is mine also."

Mr. Morgan had paused before the last words—and had uttered them as though they were an afterthought—his voice shaking a little.

Then he added with a perhaps unconscious return to his former gentleness, "Do you wonder that I am less downcast than you at his failure to-day? You did not guess that he wore laurels already that fit his brow far better than those you coveted for him. But now I have shown you what I ought to have shown you long ago, can you doubt it?"

He was suddenly inspired to put the last words in the form of a question, because her attitude gave him scant encouragement as to the success of his appeal; the heavy lids drooped over her eyes, so that he could not see the rare tears that had gathered there, and her rigid posture made him dead to the possible interpretation of the pallor that had crept under the brown skin, the chilling silence that made him suppose he had spoken in vain.

"Ah, Mrs. Oriel," said he, "take care lest in your seeming devotion to your son's success, you are not merely seeking your own satisfaction. Take

care lest you mar, though you can never destroy, the power that God has given, lest you bury the talent which you should help to foster, lest you dare to wilfully deprive one of His creatures—your creature too—of his lawful chance, lest you are false to the sacred charge that is given you."

His voice took a deep, commanding vibration, his dark eyes glowed.

But he had overshot his mark, the soft spot that he had touched hardened over with the breath of his displeasure, with what she chose, in her angry sensitiveness, to consider the insolence of his command.

She rose from her low seat, tall, above her real height.

"Thank you," she said, stiffly. "Of the nature of my obligation to my own son, of the manner in which it is my duty to discharge it, I, and I alone must be the judge; you will excuse me for saying that—old friends as we are—I can allow of no further interference."

"As you will," answered he, coldly, taking up his hat from the stool on which he had carelessly thrown it; "but remember I have warned you. I cannot reproach myself too keenly for having allowed my desire to please you to make me urge John to mental work that was too great a strain on him. You have justly reproached me for that. I have ventured to point out to you that his own instinct is the safest guide in his choice of a way in life, and I have tried to tell you why this is so. If I have failed to convince you, I am sorry, but remember I have warned you! The harm may very easily be done beyond repair, the good is ready to your hand."

She bowed her head without speaking, and he was already at the door.

But at the moment when he was about to open it, it was pushed violently in his face, and the apple

cheeks and red hair of the "general" appeared.

"Please'm," she cried excitedly, "Mr. John's fainted or something."

Mrs. Oriel walked towards her, passing the tutor by; he saw a spasm cross her face.

"I will go to Mr. John," she said.

"I will wait," said Mr. Morgan, "you may need a doctor."

She did not seem to hear, but passed on up the narrow stairs.

"Follow your mistress," said Mr. Morgan, with quiet authority to the scared girl, "and ask her presently whether I shall go for the doctor."

At the end of ten minutes the girl ran wildly back, and begged him to fetch the doctor as they could not bring Mr. John to. In less than half an hour more Morgan was questioning that good man in the street, as he issued from Mrs. Oriel's door.

"A sharp attack of typhoid. Been on him quite a week I should guess; but as it seems he has been going up for examinations, I suppose nobody thought of noticing his health! If parents only guessed—" he stopped short, then asked sharply, "Are you a relative?"

"No," said the tutor, "but I'm interested in the lad." Then he added ruefully: "I had remarked that he was not looking well, but I thought it was the effect of over-work—of work for which he was not quite fitted. And I knew that it was of no use suggesting at that stage, that he should give up trying."

The doctor looked grave, even stern.

"Well, it will materially aggravate the case," he said. Then in the sarcastic tone that he had used at first, he added, "The mother seemed wonderfully composed. I suggested sending a temporary nurse in to-night till we could get competent ones from town, but she flatly refused. A great deal will depend on her, however."

"I believe Mrs. Oriel will prove equal to the task," said Mr. Morgan. And when the doctor added that of course on the morrow the professional nurses would have to assume full command, he said no more, but only wondered how the thing would work.

* * * * *

Six weeks had passed by, and during a great part of that time John Oriel had lain at death's door.

The nurses had come, but how full was the command that they assumed Mr. Morgan never knew. On one of the daily occasions when he went to inquire for his pupil, the doctor confessed to him that without the mother he would have been at a loss; she had nursed the case with a stoical calm and a concentrated acuteness of intelligence and devotion which he had never seen paralleled, and which went far to make him go back on his opinion that relatives were unfitted to watch over their own sick; he was only at a loss to understand whence she got her strength—she seemed to be upheld by some inward fire that both warmed and consumed her.

Mr. Morgan made no sign, though perhaps he could have enlightened the good man had he cared to do so—had he cared to let in day upon a picture that was growing pathetically vivid and sacred to him day by day—the picture of a lonely heart that had never dared show its passion—a heart too fiercely brave to betray its anguish, a vanquished pride too sore to accept sympathy, an agonized terror of remorse which he silently shared.

John's mother went about with a stern face that grew older and grayer, but she shed no tear, and spoke no word; and the nurses thought her cold and unnatural, and the doctor wondered at her.

But though to them Mrs. Oriel doggedly declared it to be her belief that her son would recover, deeper down

than the place where words come from, something was for ever miserably whispering to her: "He will die, and you will be justly punished!"

And in the long, anxious nights, with the shadow from the tiny lamp flickering upon the ceiling, and the corners of the room full of darkness and dread, during the wretched hours when there was little to be done but to sit at the bedside and listen to the ravings of the weary young mind, and watch the cruel change in the fresh young face, Mrs. Oriel would wage a silent war as keen and as awful as the war with death; an unreasoning war with fate, with circumstance, with self.

And slowly, in that bitter conflict, where her wrath at first had been against him who had fostered her weakness, and then had dared to tell her of it, the proud woman's boasted self-confidence was all broken down, and she saw herself as she was, a poor, deluded, disappointed creature, with no faith in herself, and conscious only that she had doubly missed all that life held most precious for her—missed it in a blind, arrogant quest of something that could not be.

But a time came when the doctor's face brightened, and when the spark that had really been so nearly dead in the mother's heart began to flicker afresh, and also to illumine her within.

Then, though the weary watching was unabated, and there was time and to spare for self-communing, softer airs began to stir gently about the bruised and aching heart. Mr. Morgan had shown her but too clearly that he despised her; it was just. She had proved herself to be an unworthy mother; he had spoken truly when he had said she had thought but of her own satisfaction, and had blindly shut her eyes to the boy's true instincts. But John was not going to die; fate

was giving her another chance; it was not too late!

And radiantly, as she sat there in the intervals of her patient duties, with her softer eyes on the pale and unconsciously appealing face, gratitude shone forth in the place of stubborn wrath—gratitude for the light, searching though it was, which a true friend had thrown on her path.

Dare she ever offer an opinion again, suggest a course of action, even though she should no longer insist on her own blind desires? With the temporary break-down of a strong will, whose mistakes are suddenly and vividly illumined, she thought that she never could.

Yet John was young, his ideas were sadly vague, his plans, if they could be called plans, utterly impractical. Who was to help him? There was one who could do so; the one whose clearness of vision had pierced where she, with all her passionate love, had failed to reach. But dare she ever ask him?

Could he ever forget—even for the boy's sake? As she asked herself that question the shifting shades of tenderness that had alternated with sternness on that keen and sensitive face passed across her memory. As she remembered the proud confession of his weakness, and of why he had been weak, the blood flew to the face so white and wan with sorrow and with watching.

What did that confession, that pitiful tenderness, mean?

Did it mean that there had been some one near her—some one strong, kind, and tender—who would have lifted from her now weary shoulders the burden of responsibility, who would have helped her to see where she was mistaken in her self-willed course—how she could help to the best endeavor possible, not hinder by expecting the impossible—how she could make her son happy in his way, not

in hers?? Did it mean that there had been some one who might even have brought to her a devotion for which she had unconsciously thirsted—a devotion which it is not the province of the young to bring to their elders, even though they be parents; did it mean that a love which she had never really tasted in her youth had been within her grasp in her middle life—and that she had lost it? And Mrs. Oriel blushed—blushed like a girl, and turned white again with the sickness of disappointment, and then blushed again with shame, and fell to arranging the pillows behind John's head with a full, and yet a contrite heart.

He was up for the first time that day, sitting in a chair by the fire. His cheeks were slowly beginning to take back their youthful mould, his eyes, though sunken, were bright and peaceful, and the glad smile of yore flitted across his mouth.

Unwonted tears blurred her sight. Was it not enough that he should be there? Her hand trembled, and the boy ventured to put out his own thin one, and to stroke it tenderly. "It's nice to be alone together," said he, timidly, alluding to the nurse's departure.

And she answered "Yes," and smiled at him, but her heart contracted with pain and foreboding, as an unruly memory brought back to her his words of six weeks ago: "I want to get away from everything I have known all my life."

When the red was back in his cheeks, and the strength in his limbs, would he repeat them? She knew that he would, and she knew that now she wanted to help him to his desire—and she knew that she would be left alone.

* * * * *

John was getting on so fast that he was to be allowed a visitor, and that visitor was to be his beloved tutor.

His mother was sitting with him when the name was brought up.

"I shall leave you and Mr. Morgan alone," she said, and if John had been acute, he would have noticed a certain tremulousness in her voice, "you'll be able to chat better together, won't you?"

The boy blushed, but he was too honest to pretend that it would not be so, and only said: "Then you'll get out and have some fresh air?"

And she meant to do so.

For the first time in her life her plan of action was not clear in her mind. The last time she had seen this man she had put herself in the wrong; he had told her so, and she had resented it. And yet it was not because she minded admitting that she had been in the wrong that she shirked meeting him; she had fought her silent battle on this score, and had won, and she wished to tell him so. Why, then, was it?

She did not ask herself, but she was vexed because she knew that she blushed as she felt that his eyes rested first upon her as he entered the sick room, rested on her tired face with a deep pity in them—and with something more.

She had meant to go out, but a stronger will than hers mixed in the stream of things and turned the current.

"Mother is going to get some fresh air," said the boy, after the first glad greetings and blunt expressions of sympathy and congratulation had passed between himself and his master and friend.

"That's right," said Mr. Morgan, turning to the mother. "I will stay with John until you come back, and then—"

"And then," said the boy, taking the words from his mouth, "mother will give you some tea, and you'll cheer her up a bit."

"Since you are well I am cheerful, John," she declared; and though Mr. Morgan said, "Of course," he added: "Nevertheless, I won't deny that you look as if you wanted some reviving influence, Mrs. Oriel, and though I won't assume that I shall be able to give it, I hope you won't deny me the pleasure of trying to do so."

And so it came to pass that once more Mrs. Oriel and her antagonist were face to face in the little parlor below stairs. Upon the disused desk the loose papers were disordered, the pens unmended, the inkstand dry, but in the grate the fire crackled once more, and Mr. Morgan stood with his back towards it, as on a former occasion, while Mrs. Oriel sat below him again, and clasped her hands across her knees.

But there was a difference; there was no painful tension now in the small brown fingers, and though the eyes were lowered he had seen them, and he knew the keen light in them was dimmed, and in its stead there burned a soft radiance that glorified the old brightness of intellect and energy—the light of a maternal love satisfied and indulged, the light of an unselfish hope, of a dawning and sweeter content.

"Does John look as well as you expected to see him?" said she, wistfully.

"Oh, yes, quite as well," he replied. "He is thin and pale, of course, but the worried look has gone out of his eyes. The doctor tells me he is making a quick recovery, and he seems as keen as ever in his interests." He paused, then added, very gently: "But you? It has been an awful time for you. You have weathered it heroically, but now you must have rest."

"Oh, no, I must get to work again," she answered, just a little anxiously—a little feverishly.

"No," he repeated, emphatically,

Temple Bar.

"you must have rest first—rest in the fulness of content and thankfulness."

He dwelt upon the last word, looking down at her tenderly.

"We have both cause for that," he said, in a low voice. "We had both of us good reason for remorse, had we not? But now we can both say: 'Thank God!'"

And at the sound of his kind, strong voice, of those words echoing her constant thought, that happened of which he had never seen, nor ever looked to see, a sign in her—she burst into tears. He stood a moment awkwardly watching her, something that he could not have defined or explained rising in his heart at sight of this common womanly weakness. Then suddenly he bent down and took the two small hands in his own.

"Yes, thank God," he repeated solemnly, "I thank God for many things."

Sobs shook her, and she could not speak. At last beneath her breath he heard the echo, "Yes, thank God!"

Then, very tenderly, "Mary," he said, "will you forgive me for all the cruel things I said to you that day?"

"I said worse to you. Those you said to me were deserved; I have often wanted to tell you that I know they were deserved."

"Not all," he replied, smiling. "Say that you will forgive me—wholly forgive me. So wholly that you will give me the right to repair my wrong, to help you to repair yours, to join with you in forwarding John's desires in the best way that we can devise."

There was a long silence. Then she lifted her eyes, and they were full of timid and, withal, proud content.

"I forgave you long ago," she said, with a smile. "I have only myself to forgive now."

"Then let me do that," he said.

And he took both the little brown hands in his and lifted them to his lips.

MADAME RECAMIER.

It takes perhaps a century for truth about a celebrity to be wound up from the bottom of its well. Madame Récamier has not yet been dead sixty years. Her biographies are the work of friends who wrote when they were still under the spell of her exquisite loveliness, or who were bound to her by the ties of kinship. The unfavorable criticisms on her are attributable to the jealousy of rivals. This last and least of the *Salonnières* is therefore the most difficult to consider. She herself writes nothing—or practically nothing. From the enemies and the flatterers, therefore, and from chance allusions in contemporary memoirs and letters, one has to color her picture as near to life as one can.

Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaïde Bernard has, as she might be expected to have, a very handsome father and mother. M. Bernard is good-looking and stupid; but Madame, his wife, is lovely, shrewd and business-like.

The little creature born to them at Lyons on December 4, 1777, does not like any of those four fine Christian names, it appears, and elects to be called, or at any rate is called to the end of her life, Juliette. Juliette finds her first lover when she is about seven, and being educated by an aunt at Villefranche. The young gentleman is also about seven. The romance ends abruptly when Juliette is sent as a pupil to a certain convent of La Déserte, at Lyons. Years after she recalls, as in a "vague sweet dream," the calm convent garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, and the dim chapel, incense-scented, with its beautiful, mysterious rites, which have impressed children of a larger growth than Juliette for many centuries.

What she learns at the convent does not much transpire. She goes back to Paris and to her mother, who quickly perceives that Juliette's fortune in life is to be made by her beauty. Beauty unadorned is not at all to the taste of an age when even a Vigée le Brun paints a Marie Antoinette with a structure on her head which would make a lesser loveliness entirely ridiculous; so, no doubt, Madame Bernard is right in compelling her little girl to give up many hours to her toilette, and to realize at the earliest possible period the necessity of applying oneself seriously to this gravest branch of female education.

It would not appear that Juliette is now or ever vain. She grows up with her beauty, as it were, from her infancy. She accepts it, calmly complacent. It is not a part of herself. It is her whole self. The little creature sitting hours and hours in front of her looking-glass, is as used to her own loveliness as she is to the exceedingly injudicious compliments to which she is always listening at the parties to which gay papa and mama are continually taking her.

Once they take her to see the King and Queen dining, according to custom, in public at Versailles. The Queen notices the little Juliette. Her beauty always attracts attention, even a queen's, naturally and as a matter of course. She is the same age as Madame Royale. The children must be measured! Juliette is taken to the private apartments and measured with that other child, for whom Fate is preparing so widely different a destiny. Juliette is a little bit the taller. She is always, as it were, a little bit taller, a little bit lovelier, a little bit more

charming, than any other woman. That is her career.

At home Madame Bernard gives her just such an education as will make her beauty yet more attractive. She is taught the harp and sings to it. She plays on the piano. When she is old she recalls that music of her youth, without notes, at twilight. She dances divinely. Does not one know, later, all about that shawl dance, which gives the de Staël one of the most charming scenes in her novels?

Juliette has the gayest early girlhood imaginable. There are innumerable parties at home. And abroad—theatres, concerts, a thousand things. It is 1791-92, and the Revolution is already at the gates. One may not be able to amuse oneself much longer. So much the more reason to be all the merrier while we can! With what an awful literalness in these times is that saying fulfilled, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

In that *Annus Mirabilis* 1793, a certain M. Récamier visits very assiduously *chez* Bernard. M. Récamier is a banker, very handsome, very gay, very charming, with the most delightful manners and the kindest heart. It is not at all wonderful that he should fall in love with the spring beauty of Juliette Bernard. There is but one drawback. M. Récamier is five-and-forty, and Juliette is hardly older than that other Juliet of the house of Capulet of Verona.

It is an occasion on which one might suspect a case of tearful loveliness and obdurate, worldly parents. But such a suspicion would be unfounded. Juliette of Paris accepts the prosaic, elderly husband with that perfect equability which is to preserve her beauty long past an age when other women have wept theirs into wrinkles and crows' feet. It is destiny—and not a bad destiny. Let us take it philosophically! If Juliette of Paris

cannot be called heartless, she has at least a very different order of heart from Juliet of Verona.

In the very thick of the Revolution, then, Mademoiselle Bernard becomes Madame Récamier. It is one of the tragedies or one of the alleviations of life, as one chooses to take it, that though one half of the world be dying, the other half must needs go on laughing, visiting, marrying, as under serener skies. M. Récamier sees many executions with his own eyes. His house and the Bernards' are protected by Barrère. Does his girl-wife at home tremble for the fate that has overtaken many she knows, and for fear it may overtake herself? Perhaps. Her life at first is a very secluded one. The ardor of the Salons even has been damped at last by so much blood. There are nothing but public entertainments now. In France it will take the Judgment Day to stop those. So behind the veil of enforced privacy Juliette Récamier's beauty rises to that dazzling loveliness before which all descriptions fail. Her biographers, indeed, speak of the exquisite complexion, the little rounded arms, the delicate figure, the clustering dark hair—and convey nothing. The great David paints her, and is driven to despair by a beauty no canvas can reproduce. Gérard has hardly more success. Later, Canova does her bust in marble. But what have marble and this warm, soft loveliness, with its tints of morning, in common with each other? If "the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express," Madame has that best part in an extraordinary degree. In the Louvre to-day thousands of people pass by her portrait unnoticed or disappointed. The sure testimony to the reality of her loveliness in life is the men who worship her and Paris who goes mad over it.

When the churches are opened

again, Madame collects for a fashionable charity at St. Roch, and her impulsive countrymen get on the side altars, and perhaps swarm up the pillars, to look at her. She is no doubt serene, as always. Such a worship does not turn her head—perhaps hardly makes that calm heart beat quicker. It is pleasant to be adored indeed—nay, it is the only thing worth living for. It is the end of education. Is it possibly also the end of marriage with a man who will treat one in all respects as a father, and guard one sufficiently from the effects of those passions it is so pleasant and so dangerous to excite?

M. Récamier takes and furnishes with royal splendor a house in the Rue du Blanc, belonging to M. Necker, where another *Salonière*, much less calm and philosophic than Juliette, once held her Salon. The *Maison Récamier* is rising in the world. Beauty is a very long ladder to success, as every one knows. In 1799 Madame meets for the first time, at a dinner party, twenty-four-year-old Lucien Bonaparte, very vain, very fatuous, very susceptible, but with an adorable boyish smile. He falls in love with her. That goes without saying. Does she object to the infatuation? Lucien is the First Consul's brother. He writes her a most passionate, absurd, simple letter. The lovely Madame has a little inspiration; treats it as an essay in novel-writing, and hands it back to the devout lover, in public, advising him to devote his talents to better things. She is only the more charming when she is cruel. It is hardly necessary to say that the distracted Lucien writes more letters. He signs himself Romeo. He is dreadfully romantic and emphatic and young. Juliette gets a little frightened and tells her husband the story. Lucien must be forbidden the house! And M. Récamier, with the easy optimism of his

character, or the lax morality of the time, or with shrewd business instincts (or with a little of all three feelings, perhaps), replies that he can't offend the brother of General Bonaparte, and that though Madame must "grant him nothing," she must not drive him to despair. Poor Lucien! He suffers himself to be made a fool of for a year perhaps. Before that year is over the First Consul himself has condescended to admire Madame's loveliness, and presently tries to get its omnipotent influence on his own side by offering her an appointment, which she refuses, as lady-in-waiting to the Empress.

M. Récamier's bank has been getting for some time into a very embarrassed condition. It happens at last that unless the Bank of France will advance a million the Bank Récamier must stop payment. With Fate's fine sense of the picturesque, there is a great dinner party *chez Récamier* the very evening husband and wife are waiting the decision on which depends their fortune—perhaps the fortune of their lives. The strain is too great for pleasant M. Récamier. He flies to the country. It is Madame who receives the guests, exquisitely dressed and smiling—tranquilly apologizing, no doubt, for Monsieur's absence, listening with a like divine sympathy to the tittle-tattle of the hour or the best talk in Paris. The crash falls the next day. Madame takes ruin very pluckily. She sells her fine dresses and her jewels, parts with the gorgeous plate, and finally sells the house in the Rue du Blanc. Her philosophy is admirable. Yet there is that in it which forces one more and more into the belief that she never feels any misfortune deeply, and owes part of her courage to that insensibility. It is to the credit of impulsive Paris that when its beauty becomes beauty in distress it falls at her feet, worships her,

weeps for her, respects her, and loves her a thousand times more than ever.

Madame Bernard dies in 1807, "becomingly dressed" to the end. In the summer of the same year Madame Récamier visits the de Staël at Coppet. These two women have for each other the attraction of opposites. Juliette is dowered with the beauty for which the de Staël longs, and the de Staël with the intellect Juliette must find it so difficult to do without. Corinne speaks of her friend as "that beautiful person who has received the worship of all Europe, and who has never forsaken an unhappy friend;" and it is as she kneels, weeping, at the de Staël's death-bed, that Madame Récamier first meets the most powerful influence of her life, Chateaubriand.

That summer at Coppet is not a little eventful. Prince Augustus of Prussia is among the de Staël's guests and falls straightway head over ears in love with Juliette's exquisite face and girlish airs of timidity. He is an impulsive person, this Prince. He is not content to worship—a devotee before a passionless statue who will accept the most burning devotion, and give in return a perfect smile and the touch of a marble hand. There is only one thing between us! Juliette must get a divorce from her husband. It is characteristic of the morality of the time that this proposal is not taken at all as an insult. Juliette's cool blood has been warmed ever so little by the lover's ardor. "Three months passed away," says her partial biographer, who can see nothing but good in her conduct, "in the enchantments of a passion by which Madame Récamier was 'deeply touched, if she did not share it.' His hostess is the Prince's 'eloquent advocate.'" At last Juliette asks her husband to grant her a divorce. It is said that the generosity of his answer moves her to reconsider her request, but it is not unfair to suppose

that she is also moved by the consideration of the inconveniences that divorce would bring upon herself, and by a true Parisian's horror of living out of Paris. She goes back there with her mind made up to stay with her husband, and leaves her Prince to think "of a happiness which must surpass all the most delicious dreams of the imagination," and to "confidently expect" she will become his wife. From Paris she sends him her portrait and complacently receives his rapturous love-letters. When she at last writes to him plainly, the news falls upon him, he may well say, "like a thunderbolt." She consents to see him every now and then during her life—that he may not quite forget how to love her—and has never an idea for a moment that her conduct is not completely generous and noble.

In 1811 Madame is exiled for visiting the de Staël at Coppet. She travels in Italy, sees Canova at Rome, and at the fall of Napoleon returns to Paris and starts her Salon under the Bourbons.

This Salon would appear to differ widely from any of its predecessors. People do not come here to listen to its mistress's wit, to meet each other, nor—most potent of all attractions—to hear their own voices. They come to look at a woman's loveliness. Juliette sits on her throne to be worshipped. That dazzling complexion, the long lashes on the exquisite cheek, the little curls on the clear forehead, red lips, dimpled arms, milk-white skin—with such possessions as these what need has a woman of cleverness? The *habitués* of her rooms are her lovers. Three generations of the Montmorencies adore her. It is Adrien de Montmorency who says of the impression that she makes on her contemporaries "they did not all die of it, but were all wounded." A lover does not want wit in his mistress, or only just so much wit as will enable her to admire his.

Madame has at least enough cleverness to manage her Salon without any. There is hardly a *bon mot* recorded of her. If she said anything it might be the wrong thing. She herself suspects that, or knows it. Sometimes she puts her handkerchief to her mouth to stop a burst of the most naive girlish laughter. She feels, indeed, with that sound and curious intuition often given to stupid women, and rarely to stupid men, that beauty alone will not, in a vulgar phrase, run a Salon, and uses hers to attract and chain to her such various cleverness as that of a Chateaubriand, a Benjamin Constant, a Bernadotte, and a Canova. The last of the *Salonières* has as little in common with the caustic wit of a du Deffand, which brings all famous Paris to worship at the shrine of an old blind woman, as she has with the passionate sympathies of a Lespinasse, who has no need of beauty to make men love her. She is as far from the tranquil motherliness of a Madame Geoffrin as she is from the ardent conscientiousness of a Madame Necker, and has a prudent outward respectability entirely unknown to the careless lightness of a "black-locked d'Epinay."

When a further reverse of fortune involves the loss of most of her own money as well as of M. Récamier's, she separates from him and goes to live in a "cell" in the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The cell is a Salon at once. It is, in reality, only a bedchamber furnished with a harp, a piano, a bookcase, a portrait of the de Staël, and a view of Coppet by moonlight.

It is part of the tact and delightfulness of a French woman—and perhaps of Madame Récamier above all French women—that she is as serene and easy here as in a palace. Presently she is able to take a larger suite of rooms in the same house, and receives there the Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, the Earl of Bristol.

Maria Edgeworth, Humboldt, Miss Berry, and hears read aloud before their publication the "Méditations of Lamartine."

But the first *habitué* of her Salon, as well as the first influence of her life, is Chateaubriand. Her relations to this man are frankly set down by some people as infamous and as hotly defended by others as innocent. Perhaps the truth lies between these two extremes. M. Chateaubriand begins as a kind of *ami de la maison*; as a worshipper of a loveliness all Paris worships too. But there does not seem much doubt that, in spite of the existence of a Madame Chateaubriand, he very soon wishes to be more than Madame Récamier's friend. It is entirely characteristic of Juliette that she delightedly receives letters from him which have all the warmth of love-letters, and does not find it inconsistent with her honor to be told "To be with you is the only good thing." "To be loved by you, to live in a little retreat with you and a few books, is the desire of my heart and the goal of all my wishes." In brief, Juliette loves this man's love—until his love demands the sacrifice of outward respectability and of the homage even a bad world pays to a good woman. When, like Lucien and Augustus, he asks proof of her affection she draws back. She finds it necessary to take a trip abroad. On her return she is able to feel that Heaven has "blessed her self-imposed sacrifice, and that henceforward the friendship of M. Chateaubriand would be as she wished it . . . calm as a good conscience and pure as virtue." Virtue! Well, perhaps. Madame's conduct may be summed up as never disreputable and always mean.

During those winters in Rome she has met there Queen Hortense, Madame Mère, her old lover Lucien, and the Princess Borghèse.

When Chateaubriand is made ambassador to the Eternal City, he, and Madame in Paris, exchange many tender letters. M. Récamier dies presently at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, his wife's Salon being given up to him. Their relations are quite friendly. Madame's exquisite serenity is very little disturbed. It is a part of her charm that she is always sweet, cool and patient. She goes to Dieppe presently, the ozone of a gay watering-place being then, as now, a very favorite and effectual panacea for the afflictions of the feminine soul. In 1832 she again leaves Paris, to escape the horrors of the cholera year.

By now Madame is getting old and failing in health. Her friends, Chateaubriand and Ballanche, are no stronger than she is. When, in 1841, she makes what may be called her last great public appearance, at the subscription soirée she gets up for the sufferers from the floods of the Rhone and Saone, she is sixty-four years old.

The scene should be immortalized on canvas. Here is Chateaubriand doing the honors of the Salon, and accepted according to long custom as its host. Madame Rachel is acting. Garia, Rubini, and Lablache give their services. Here gather the wit and fashion of that Paris which, since it worshipped Juliette's girl loveliness of milk and roses, has been through such disasters, anarchies, triumphs, horrors, chaos as are not compressed into the history of another city in hundreds of years. The *Salonnière* has still something of that loveliness which made men mad. As when one puts a hand into a jar of pot-pourri one sees again the rose, the garden and the summer, so this woman keeps to the last the divine fragrance of beauty. Care has scored few wrinkles on the face. The heat of passions has not seared it; the thousand emotions, hopes, fears, tendernesses of one absorbing affection

have not written a history in the eyes nor drawn pathetic lines about the mouth. Juliette has still her calm, sweet smile, her easy grace of manner. She has "resigned herself to the first touch of time." She is not desperately trying to remedy the failings of old age by art. She is never desperate about anything. When a friend, who has not seen her for a long time, compliments her on her looks, "Ah," she replies, "I do not deceive myself. From the moment I noticed the little Savoyards in the streets no longer turned to look at me, I knew all was over." But to-night is a rejuvenation. It is the swan song of the loveliness which is this *Salonnière's métier*; it is the swan song of the Salon itself. After this Madame is seen in public no more. Chateaubriand is much with her. Her beautiful eyes are attacked by a cataract, and she becomes almost entirely blind.

In 1847 Ballanche dies and Madame Chateaubriand. Chateaubriand asks Madame Récamier to marry him. She refuses. "Let us change nothing," she says, "in so perfect an affection." She is present at his death—still quite composed—in 1848. Less than a year after she dies herself, of the cholera which she has always so greatly dreaded. Even that pitiless complaint leaves her beautiful. She lies like an exquisite statue, and Achille Deveria traces from her dead loveliness that *esquisse fidèle* which expresses "suffering and repose."

The chief events of Madame Récamier's life have been noted to very little purpose if her character has not been seen through them. One's life is only a theatre to display one's nature, after all; and what we do is what we are.

Juliette of Paris is one of the women who receive of the gods the two gifts of a perfect beauty and a perfect tact, which are often given in place of all

else, and which, from a social point of view, are in themselves all sufficient.

They suffice, at least, to make Madame Récamier the idol of her generation, "the fate of the Montmorencies." and the adored of a Bernadotte, a Chateaubriand, a Canova, a Ballanche. There is such a divine sympathy in her smile, her manners, her beauty, that that deeper sympathy which comes either from having suffered, or from being capable of suffering, a like sorrow to that of which she is hearing, seems hardly necessary. If she is a tepid mistress, she is a very gentle friend. There is no occasion on record in which she is not serene, modest, pleasing and perfectly even in temper. "That which she does not like does not exist for her." She is constant in her friendships. Change and tempest are hateful to her. It is not a little noteworthy that the lives which are written of her are not lives of Madame Récamier, but disjointed biographies of Chateaubriand, Montmorency and Ballanche. There is so little to say about Madame! She writes very few letters even, in that fine little hand. She has a kind of intellectual timidity, not a little charming—and safe. She seems as if she were always saying, "Look at me. In that lies my strength and your weakness."

As a lover, Juliette wants the admiration of all. If she was ever capable of a great passion she fritters away that capacity in those delightfully perilous flirtations with her princes and her authors. But that capacity, if it does not demand a great intellect, demands a great nature, a power of absorption in one aim, self-devotion, not seldom self-immolation, Madame has none of these things.

Her morals, which a present generation is apt too hastily to condemn from a very vague hearsay, seem rather to have lived on the border of immorality than to have crossed it. As

she is too cool for passion, she is too prudent for sin.

It is not unmeet that the Salon itself, as an institution, should die with a Récamier. It begins as an intellectual power. When it has declined into a court of beauty, its end must needs be near. Since the days that the Rambouillet gathers round her all the stars of the intellectual firmament, and lights her rooms with the spiritual fire of a Fénelon and the flaming eloquence of a Bossuet, it has indeed passed through a hundred changes. It has nourished in its breast the Free Thought which, put into action, is to emancipate men's bodies from the misery and oppression of a thousand years and their minds from a hundred priestly delusions. It has been alternately a school of wit and an arena for the discussion of the deepest problems of the soul—fate, freewill, death, eternity. It has brought to birth more *bon mots*, epigrams, madrigals, fantasias than have been produced by any other society at any other time. Under its fostering care a little shoot of an Encyclopædia grows into a tree whose branches reach to all lands. It is a playground for the light loves of a d'Houdetot, a Saint-Lambert, a d'Epinau, a Mademoiselle d'Ette. It encourages the virile vigor of a de Staël and the brilliant timidity of a d'Alembert. No social function in history can boast members a hundredth part as distinguished. Not content with a Rousseau and a Voltaire, a Diderot and a Duclos, it attracts from other nations a Grimm and a Holbach, a Hume, a Gibbon and a Walpole.

That it polishes manners and brings to an exquisite refinement the courtesies and little social tenderesses of daily life is not perhaps much, but it is something.

It gives an extraordinary impetus to book-writing. It floods the world with memoirs which are become history.

It produces some of the best letters ever written. It is the direct origin of innumerable poems. It inspires masterpieces and corrects them. Its effect on the Encyclopædia alone would make it a literary influence without rival in the history of the world.

But it is as a moral anomaly that it is most remarkable. Here men and women, "whose chief ambition it was to excel in corruption and to be fancifully original in sin," are the first to discuss that purer morality and generous philanthropy which are the boast of the world to-day. The Rights

of Men are first realized by the people who most tread them under foot. The Revolution is brought about by the class whom it first turns and rends.

The uses of the Salon are over, and so the Salon itself is no more.

It is not a good man who lies dead. It is rather a bad man who has wrought much good. It were unjust to remember that his morals were the morals of his age, and to forget that he originated ideas far in advance of it. So to this brilliant talker, with his light life and fruitful thought, be peace.

S. G. Tallentyre.

Longman's Magazine.

THE UNFATHOMABLE.

"When I consider the Heavens" etc. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him."

This earth is but a sparkle in the glow
Of the great universe—a planet small,
Around one sun revolving, that is all,
We reck not whence we come, nor whither go.
And of the other worlds few things we know,
Yet laws omniscient hold them in enthrall,
As in processional they rise and fall,
Now to our vision brought, now sunk below.
But when we think that on this lesser sphere,
Man in his Maker's Image hath a place,
And ponder on the hope, the joy, the fear,
The destiny of all the human race,
And that Chief Sacrifice once offered here,
Fain would we prostrate fall, and veil the face.

C. D. W.

THE ANTI-ITALIANISM OF THE ITALIANS.*

There is a great deal of talk, not to say a great deal of declamation, among us concerning Italian patriotism and Italian glory; and what is worse, there is an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, an expenditure of thousands of lives and millions of lire, for waving the Italian flag in the face of high Heaven. It is a sorry piece of business which serves only too well to conceal either a fathomless ignorance, or designs which are neither healthful nor honorable. I cannot say which I dislike the more: the spirit of anti-Semitism, or that excess of nationalism, that *Chauvinism* for which we have not even a name in our own language, but which makes a virtue out of the hatred and oppression of neighboring nations who are weaker than ourselves.

But there are limits to everything here below, and when it comes to despising an enterprise or a commodity, merely because it happens to have originated in one's own country, the limits appear to me to be overstepped. A good look around us will reveal innumerable instances of what I mean.

If you are on confidential terms with any of our great manufacturers, you will not fail to hear them lament the fact that goods of their production—silks, cottons, machines, etc.—must be sent out under foreign labels, if they would obtain, either at home or abroad, the consideration which is never accorded to our native products. Gagliardi tells us that the finest silks, the best pottery and the best machines imported into Australia come from Italy furnished with foreign marks, and at a relatively increased valuation; the consequence being that Italy, though

her manufactures are extensive, and her goods of excellent quality, acquires no reputation in foreign markets and cannot engage in those large enterprises which are now the sole condition of distinguished success. For this state of things I do not so much blame the manufacturers, who have to consult their own interest without regard to sentimental considerations, as the Italian buyers who distrust home products precisely because of their domestic origin. I am ready to admit that of two equally meritorious articles the purchaser is quite right to prefer the cheaper, wherever it comes from; and to consult his own advantage even to his country's detriment; but when the home product is just as good as the other, or even better, it is a shame to give preference to the foreign article. How much more, then, when that preference is determined or encouraged by the inconsiderate action of a government which ought to have thrown all its influence upon the other side, as, for instance, when our preservers of green fruit, who had begun to compete successfully with those of other countries, are prohibited from using sulphate of copper, as all our foreign competitors do, because it makes the preserves keep better. Ours may be better from a hygienic point of view without it, but they are excluded from competition.

The contempt we feel for our own productions extends to the realm of art and letters, and even to that of scientific discovery. Every day of our lives we import from Paris farces, inferior in cleverness and spirit to what might have been produced by the boys in almost any of our lyceums. Witness the work of Ottolenghi and

*Translated for The Living Age.

the little things brought out at the Piedmontese, Venetian and Neapolitan theatres. Yet the public will not flock to the theatre unless the piece bears the mark of the "Variétés," and it is the same with novels and romances. Fogazzaro, Verga, Royetta, Capuana, etc., have certainly not the repute among us of quite inferior French and English writers. Our literary no less than our industrial goods must bear the foreign trade-mark, *Translated from the French*, or *from the German*, before they will circulate widely in the Italian peninsula.

With science, it is yet worse. Who does not know that the Canalli cannon was regarded by the Piedmontese chief-of-staff as the invention of a madman, until it was adopted in France? Who does not know that the seal of the "Institut," the most reactionary tribunal probably in all Europe, is the sole *passe-partout* coveted by our practical men for recent Italian discoveries? Who has not heard of the great men among us, such as Sergi, for example, who, though vying in real distinction with Spencer and Darwin, were wholly without consideration at home until they had been recognized abroad, and their works translated into foreign languages?

I can testify that my dear friend, Galileo Ferraris, who has undoubtedly made more important discoveries in electricity than any other man of our time, was never appreciated by our Government until we had been earnestly besought to send him as a delegate to international electrical congresses in Frankfort and New York. And even then, as he himself has told me, blushing for his country while he did so, though receiving from the authorities the invitation extended with permission to accept, he did not receive a subsidy equal to that granted to the meanest of the political schemers who pullulate in Rome!

Moreover, the advice of the same eminent man, in matters relating to his own specialty, was first waived and then definitively rejected by the municipality of Turin! It was the same with Pacinotti, who was first revealed to Italy, I might almost say to himself, by foreign electricians. And there are professors of hygiene among us, or rather of pseudo-hygiene, who quite ignore the discovery of a couple of Italians, that certain skin diseases are produced by fermented maize, and go on delving in German manuals for the most ridiculous and recondite origins.

Take an instance also in the realm of philosophy. Read the imposing treatise of Guido Villa on Contemporary Psychology (1889), and you will find that Italy, which has actually added two new departments to psychological science, has no more credit therefor than if she had wholly disappeared out of the modern scientific world. In a summary of the progress of psychology at a recent international congress, Villa even goes so far as to deny to the Italians any share in that pathological psychology of which, nevertheless, they were undoubtedly the first inventors. He lauds Tarde to the skies for his feeble book on "Imitation," and takes no notice of Patrizzi, Anguilli, de Dominicis, Sergi, Sighele, Morselli, Tamburini and Cantoni. He finds the work of Baldwin original and unique, and forgetting the highly interesting investigations of Corrado Ricci, Mancalchi, Anfosso and Marro, not to mention my own and those of my daughter Paola, he declares that nothing has been done in Italy in the way of child-study. To the merits of the old school of Italian economists, such as Custodi, Gioia and Galliani, justice is occasionally done; but there is not, and never has been, an Italian ready to acknowledge the signal service rendered, especially in the introduction of a mathematical element into economic studies, by Pa-

reto, who is so highly appreciated in France and Switzerland. And yet that same Pareto in his turn, good Italian though he is, when discussing in his admirable *Review of Sociology* the novel theory of the paramount influence of minorities in the affairs of parliamentary states, cites a long list of comparatively irrelevant foreign names and leaves out altogether that of the compatriot with whom the idea actually originated, I mean the illustrious Mosca, who first developed it in his *Elements of Political Science*.

Not very long ago the eminent jurist Anfosso discovered a method and instrument of criminal identification which rendered that process so easy as to be almost automatic, but our government gave the preference, in theory at least, to the highly complicated and often fallacious system of Bertillon, because—it was French. Nor is it any excuse that even the latter method was not adopted. A government as indifferent as ours to the highest interests of the state, would naturally neglect even a foreign scheme which might, to say the least of it, prove useful if not glorious.

To the highly important discoveries of Savarelli concerning yellow fever—discoveries which have been certified by many careful experiments in America, as well as by the whole body of European scientists—our authorities have ventured to prefer the opinion of a single obscure physician, of course of foreign birth. And only a few days ago, an attempt was made, if not officially at least with the consent of a large number of our professors of hygiene, to discredit the work of Celli, Morchlaflava and others on the origin and prevention of malaria in favor of Koch, who was at least a German. All honor to Koch, whose worth I should be the last to dispute, for having refused to accept a distinction so unjustly awarded.

We all deplore the really unmerited failure of Italy to obtain high awards, even in the arts, at the Paris Exposition; but the Italian judges were themselves most to blame. They either did not know or they pretended not to know the worth of artists like Bistolfi, Calderini and others, and contented themselves with the far easier course of exalting the moribund and exhuming the dead. In poetry they eulogized Verlaine and Mallarmé, while Pascoli, Graf and Cena, who had the misfortune to be born in Italy, quite escaped their memory.

Italian were the learned faculties, and what is worse, the specially appointed commissioners who ventured, unanimously, I believe, except for the vote of the illustrious Ascoli, to reject and deny the competence in his own line, of one of our very best historians, Cicotti. But Cicotti himself, not to be outdone by his detractors, omits in his work on the *Decline of Slavery* (1898) all mention of that monograph of Calegari's on the *Social Legislation of Caius Gracchus* (1895), which is certainly one of the most brilliant of our time, though he neglects not the meanest of extraneous authorities.

It is impossible not to be reminded by these and other instances of those unfortunate fowls of Azzecagarbuglis in Manzoni's story, who revenged themselves for the cruel noose which bound them so tightly together by pecking at one another. If we are slaves no longer, we still feel in our flesh the callous marks of the chains which we dragged for so many centuries under the peculiarly irritating supervision of foreign drivers. We are a product of slavery and still feel impelled to indemnify ourselves for our common oppression by depreciating one another and denying our own merit, especially to the foreigner whom we were so long constrained to treat as a master and a superior.

Far be it from us, as I began by saying, to imitate that exaggerated nationalism, which has divided France from the rest of the world by walls more massive than granite; but neither let us cultivate an anti-Italianism which tends to belittle the best and securest achievements of our own people.

Nova Antologia.

ple. If we have no proper sense of our own merits we shall certainly not win recognition for them abroad, and our great men will have to await that verdict of history, which is indeed impartial for all, but received, in so many cases, only in the grave.

Cesare Lombroso.

THE SENSATIONAL SERIAL: AN ENQUIRY.

The re-issue, in a genteel format, of the enslaving works of Emile Gaboriau¹ should be an event of special interest to a generation whose appetite for sensational serials surpasses that of any previous generation. For Gaboriau, besides being the chosen novelist of Bismarck, was the greatest mere sensation-monger, save one, that ever lived. His superior, of course, was Eugène Sue, author of the incomparable "Wandering Jew" and "The Mysteries of Paris." Sue has been denied the title of artist, because he was careless in style and construction. But he indeed had a style, though his sentences were often more ragged than even Stendhal's. All that can be urged against his construction is that construction so marvellous might have been neater. Sue belonged to the Titanic age. He had that enormity and grandeur of idea with which Dumas and Hugo inoculated a whole epoch. The entry into the house hermetically sealed for a century, and the sudden striking of the clock therein; no one who has read it can forget that apparently simple incident. Out of a blurred past of omnivorous reading, it is one of the few salient and sharp memories—those memories which occur to the mind frequently, *à propos de bot-*

tes. If Sue was not an artist because he could not "write," then Rossetti was not an artist because he could not "draw;" but it is only in academies that they talk so; the single indispensable attribute of the artist is imaginative force, a quality not included in any curriculum. Sue had this force, and by the power of it he made for himself a vogue such as no other novelist, excepting neither Scott nor Dumas nor Dickens, has had the fortune to enjoy. In the 'forties, people used to form *queues*, as for a first night, to read the "Débats" and the "Constitutionnel," while Sue's *feuilletons* were running; places in these *queues* were bought and sold. And this astounding fever was kept burning for months at a time, for the romances of Sue were no brief affairs; in book form they occupied ten, twelve and sixteen volumes. Here in truth was the monarch of serialists, the supreme prodigy of the *à suivre*. Had he lived in the age of Harmsworth instead of the age of Wordsworth, what would his prices have been per thousand!

Gaboriau was a lesser figure, but a figure not to be despised. He was more than a mechanical concoctor. In craftsmanship, though not in the amplitude of his inspiration, he excelled Sue, and he certainly had what is called "a pretty gift" of writing. The perusal

¹Monsieur Lecoq, "The Honor of the Name." (Downey. 6s.)

of "Monsieur Lecoq," and its sequel, "The Honor of the Name," has, we confess, impressed us with a sense of Gaboriau's sterling ability. The first book in which the afterwards famous Lecoq commences his career by a brilliant failure, begins with a murder, and is nothing more than a detective story; but it is a detective story conceived in the true romantic manner, and depending for effect more on its general atmosphere of a terrible mystery than on circumstantial ingenuities. Sherlock Holmes might have taught Lecoq many little dodges, but Lecoq was by far the greater intellect—an intellect that moved in larger curves on a higher plane. Character rather than event controls the progress of the tale, and this is clearly perceived in the sequel—an immense novel which distinctly recalls Balzac's "Les Paysans," and is, moreover a very tolerable imitation of that sinister drama. From "The Honor of the Name" you perceive that Gaboriau, thereby proving himself an ambitious and intrepid artist, had drawn together in the murder the threads of a vast and complicated politico-social intrigue rooted in the national life of France. "The Honor of the Name," despite its sensational aspects, is quite a serious study of history; it shows the fatal war of class against class, and it is the record, not of a few individuals, but of a society. One cannot but observe that the French novelist has, as regards material, a two-fold advantage over the English: first, in the political vicissitudes of France during the nineteenth century, and, second, in the peculiar functions of the *Juge d'Instruction* under French criminal law. France seems to have made her history for the behoof of her novelists. As for the *Juge d'Instruction*, he is simply invaluable. Take, for an instance, the long examination of May by M. Segmuller in "Monsieur Lecoq;" it is almost the

best thing in the book and serves a thousand ends. But Gaboriau could have succeeded without either French history or the *Juge d'Instruction*. The entrance of Blanche into the cottage and her poisoning of Marie Anne, in "The Honor of the Name," is an excellent sample of his rich inventive faculty. And his skill in *synthetizing* the significance of multitudinous facts in one item of evidence is finely exemplified in his use of the phrase uttered by the captured murderer—"It is the Prussians who are coming" (in "Lecoq"). Before reaching the conclusion of the sequel you are made to see that the whole tragedy is wrapped up in that phrase. In fine, it was not by chance that Gaboriau acquired his reputation. We in England have rather condescended towards him, as the artificer of a gloried penny-dreadful; that is a mistake.

The sensational serial in England nowadays has fallen to a despicable level. Nearly all popular journals run a serial, and many of them would pay handsomely, recklessly for a good one. The demand for serials is regular and enormous; even the syndicates, who are omnipotent, cannot satisfy themselves. We could name several writers who make a steady income of fifty pounds a week, and more, from serials. We know of a lady who fell ill after writing five serials at once—so much was her work in request, and so tempting the offered remuneration. And yet, though the serial is a province of literary art, there is no good serialist. Nay, there is no sign of a reasoned effort to produce a good serial. What, then, is the secret of the few commercially successful serialists? It is a secret of piffling ingenuity—we use that epithet because it is the correct one. These writers have posed the question: "Why do editors print serials?" They have found the answer: "In order to persuade the reader to buy the next num-

ber." And they have rejoined: "Very well; we will make the reader buy the next number." This is one view of the undertaking, but it is a short-sighted and imperfect view, because it embraces only the parts, and never the whole. It results in an entirely vicious subordination of the parts to the whole; there is, in fact, no whole, but merely a succession of parts. It means writing from day to day, or from week to week, without due consideration of what has preceded or what will follow. We have critically read several well-advertised sensational serials, written over notorious signatures, and in none have we found a trace of architectonic design, indeed, it was obvious in more than one of them, that the author, instalment by instalment mystified himself exactly as much as he mystified the reader. The common way of writing a serial is to devise an inexplicable set of circumstances and leave the solution to the future—to burn one's boats, as it were. This mode is like giving a bill at a month; in the end the author must pay heavily by the sacrifice of probability. The more startling the earlier chapters, the less convincing will be the later. We remember a case, in the *feuilleton* of one of the wealthiest daily papers in England, where the author, hard-driven for incident, actually killed her hero before the tale was half finished. It was a fatal error, as she at once perceived, and her sole course was to raise him from the dead; this she did within the next thousand words. Perhaps she was juggling with five serials together. Such tricks and such a method, necessarily rob the reader of all interest save an infantile, idle curiosity—a curiosity which can be satisfied for a halfpenny or a penny, and which in time becomes with him a habit, like drink or pulling the moustache. Hence it is that some shrewd editors will tell you that one serial is as good as another—that names are valueless. Titil-

late perfunctorily this perfunctory curiosity of their readers, and they ask no better, and will pay "a pound a thou."

A serialist with a head on his shoulders and some genuine imagination, might bring all Fleet-street to its knees before him in a month. He would only imitate the rest in his choice of subject. A popular serial must have horror and mystification; horror and mystification mean crime, and crime means the detection of crime; therefore the typical serial must be in essence a detective story. The artistic serialist would begin, privately, not at the beginning, but at the end, of his tale. The grand mistake universally made is to imagine the discovery of the crime first instead of its committal; to fit the crime to the circumstances, when obviously the circumstances should fit the crime. Surely it is simpler and neater to match a hole with a stick by boring the hole with the stick, than by whittling a stick to fill an existing hole! Your common serialist makes his hole first, and the stick either won't go in or goes in too easily. What has happened before the beginning of the serial is what must happen at the end; and, knowing this, the author is less likely to stumble into that pitfall of serialists, the anticlimax. Knowing this, he has a foundation on which to build, a compass to guide, an anchor to secure. Only by omniscience on the part of the author can the reader's interest be piled up and accumulated. And it is just that accumulation of interest which the modern serialist fails to accomplish. The reader is usually more interested in the first instalment than in the last, because he gradually discovers that the author is taking him nowhere in particular. He feels with a child's instinct that there is nothing behind all the pother and mystery. He perceives that he can miss a few days or a few weeks without serious loss. Accordingly not one serial in a hundred reaches its aim

of increasing a circulation. If it were sufficiently well done—that is to say, if the sagacious serialist of imagination labored upon the principles which underlie all art, popular or esoteric, never magnified the parts at the expense of the whole for the sake of a temporary advantage, and never did anything without a clearly defined purpose—the

The Academy.

interest of a serial might be raised to an intolerable pitch of curiosity; it might preoccupy a whole community, keep people awake at nights, and cause fights in front of Smith's bookstalls. Such a state of affairs is perfectly conceivable, and the wonder is that some Napoleon of the Press has not set about in cold blood to achieve it.

FAITH.

To many men of the present day faith appears, as it did to the man in the parable, as a hidden treasure—to obtain it they would sacrifice all that they have. Like the Jews and Greeks of the Corinthian Church, they require a sign and seek after knowledge. They rush to scientific men to hear about miracles, and to historians that they may witness the weighing of evidence. Science and history, like art, are long, life is short, death pursues and faith eludes them—they have sought early but they have not found. Is it not possible that they have mistaken what faith is and have looked for it too far afield? St. Paul, when he tried to steady the wavering faith of the intellectual Corinthians, threw down, as it were, his intellectual arms altogether, realizing that among such gladiators of controversy as the Greek learning could produce they were powerless to help him. The Church in Corinth was divided, some saying "I am of Paul," some "I am of Apollos," some "I am of Christ." Some, as we gather from the Epistle, trusted in ceremonies and were very superstitious, while others renounced the supernatural altogether, declaring that "there is no resurrection," no new birth, unless in a moral sense, in which case it "is past al-

ready." To quiet this strife of tongues, to ease these searchings of heart, St. Paul came "in weakness and fear and trembling," and offered to them all alike "the foolishness of the thing preached," that their "faith might not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" and he resolved to know nothing among them but "Christ and Him crucified," by which phrase we suppose him to have meant that he would set forth only the precepts of Christ unsupported, as they were, by the arguments of human wisdom and the humiliating fact of His crucifixion and apparent failure, out of which two things would spring, he knew, the strongest moral impetus the world had ever received, the surest hope of immortality mankind had ever known. For, he said, the "foolishness" which is "of God is wiser than men and the weakness of God is stronger than men." At the time of St. Paul it was said by the Greeks that "at Corinth you may learn and hear even from inanimate objects, so great are the treasures of learning and literature in every direction." Speaking of the Apostle's teaching in that city, Dean Stanley says that its simplicity "was a rebuke to the superstitious craving of the Oriental and the Jew, and also to the intellectual

demands of the European Greek. The charm which the former found in outward miracles the latter sought in theories of philosophy. The subtleties of discussion which had appeared already in the numerous schools of Greek speculation, and which appeared afterwards in the theological divisions of the third and fourth centuries, needed not now, as in the time of Socrates, to be put down by a truer philosophy but by something which should give them fact instead of speculation, flesh and blood instead of words and theories."

According to Dean Stanley, and, so far as we can find, his dictum has never been reversed, the two Epistles to the Corinthians are the earliest of the Christian Scriptures written within thirty years of the passing away of our Lord and before the oral tradition of His teaching had been committed to paper. It is a noticeable thing that St. Paul, while the tradition was still fresh, while its proportions were still perfect in the minds of those to whom he must have talked, should have been so struck by the element of simplicity in Christianity; and we cannot but be impressed by this same element as we read the far less perfect account of the "good news" which has been preserved for us. Our Lord, we may remember, thanks God at the beginning of His ministry that the greatest revelation of His spirit should have been "hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes." St. Paul most likely had this saying in his mind when he tells the Greeks that "the world in its wisdom knew not God." Again, Christ continually points to childhood as if the lessons to be learned from the eager simplicity of children were an essential part of His teaching. He never displays the least subtlety of dialectic, and seldom upholds a precept by an argument, but almost always makes a frank appeal to the moral instinct of men, to the "commandment

which ye have had from the beginning,"—to the light of conscience which is in men of single mind rather than to the light of reason. "Take heed," he says, "that the light which is in you be not darkness." Apparently this light is not so much something which we are to work to obtain, as something which we are to dread to lose. All Christ's teaching suggests that goodness is somehow more inherent than evil in human nature. The fact that He seems to have concurred in, or at least never to have disputed, the general belief of the age in demoniacal possession, certainly supports this theory. In contradiction to the so-called "evangelical" doctrine of natural depravity, our Lord distinctly implies that children are born good, and His sternest condemnations are reserved for those who lead them astray. He says "Become as children," with very little explanation—far less than nowadays we desire. Yet hitherto the Church has not spent much thought on His meaning—singularly little, considering how reiterated is His teaching on the subject, and how directly it appeals to men's hearts. He does not explain why the poor in heart are blessed, or in what sense they shall see God, but "the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit," and we all know that even if there were no God to see, a good man is in some very true sense more blessed than a bad one. No sane man is without a conscience—that is, without a witness within himself to the kingdom of God. It is this kingdom within us to which Christ bids us surrender allegiance, without calculation of earthly consequences, not even "fearing them which kill the body and afterwards have no more which they can do." In this surrender lies the germ of faith, and a faith thus generated is the only faith which can save a man's character. Without it he may be convinced of every miracle in the Bible

as firmly as he is convinced of the miracle of this year's spring, and yet such certainty may be utterly dead and unproductive, the mere summing up of certain items of intellectual conviction. Religion cannot consist in a calculation of probabilities, however accurately worked out. Such intellectual exercises belong to the wisdom of the world, not the simplicity of the "thing preached." Christ's counsels against giving way to anxiety, against "thinking beforehand what ye shall speak," His warnings against the Scribes and Pharisees, all suggest to us to preserve a simple attitude of mind, just as His injunction to think little about dress and food, always making them subordinate to health—"is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"—suggests a simple manner of living. Salvation comes to men through an ideal, not through argument, and if a man has Christ for his ideal he has "believed on Him," and he that believes has "that which shall raise him up at the last day," that is, he has begun a spiritual life in obedience to a power outside himself in which he has faith. To use our Lord's simile, he has obtained the small grain of seed whose powers of development are not understood by man.

Many people who are not accounted

The Spectator.

"spiritually minded" are, nevertheless, led by the Spirit. A "spiritual mind" too often means a keen interest in religious controversy. The captain of a sinking ship who, some years ago, gave up the last place in the last boat to a little stowaway, whose very existence he had been unaware of two minutes before, showed "the same mind which was in Christ," whether he had been accustomed to say unto Him, "Lord, Lord," or not. And the stewardess on board the *Stella*, who gave up her lifebelt to a lady passenger on whom it had been her duty to attend, obeyed an impulse which we can only consider to have been divine, and which controlled in an instant the instinct of human nature, the instinct of self-preservation. These people were not actuated by the "wisdom of the world," but by the "power of God." Probably both gave up their lives for the sake of their moral inferiors—for the sake of two persons who would be less use in the world than they. But it is by such unreasonable actions, by such divine folly as these people committed, that a nation is made great, and the equally unreasoning admiration which they awake in the hearts of men is a greater testimony to the truth of Christianity than any that can be evoked by "the Scribes and disputers of this world."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Alfred Austin is actually about to publish a volume made up of his laureate verse.

A volume of Lady Margaret Sackville's "Poems," hitherto only circulated privately, has been published by Mr. John Lane.

The "Life of R. L. Stevenson," which Mr. Sidney Colvin, owing to the pressure of work, was unable to undertake, is to be written by Mr. Graham Balfour and will be published next fall.

Mr. Ebenezer Ward, one of the founders of the London publishing

house of Ward, Lock & Co., died recently at the age of 83. Ill health had for many years kept him out of active business.

According to an English literary journal, Mr. Herbert Spencer, who lately celebrated his eighty-first birthday, has hit upon a satisfactory device for securing to himself repose of mind in the midst of babbling crowds. When the conversation takes a turn which disturbs or fails to interest him, the venerable philosopher takes from his pocket a pair of steel clips, which he places over his ears, thus producing temporary artificial deafness.

Mr. Hall Caine is involved in a curious law-suit with the publishers of the English magazine which bought the serial rights of his new story "The Eternal City." The publishers have concluded that certain passages in the story are not fit to print, or at least are not such material as they are willing to stand sponsors for. They have accordingly stopped its publication mid-way, and as they claim that Mr. Caine guaranteed that the story should be free from objectionable things, they have brought suit against him for damages and breach of contract.

The Irish Court of Appeal was recently called upon to decide the exact meaning of the word "humph." The case came up on a disagreement of the four justices of the King's Bench Division, two of whom held that the word, as used by Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen in their novels was an expression of dissent, while the other two held that it meant only a dissatisfied mind. The Court of Appeal decided that it is "an expression of doubt or hesitation" or "a grunt of dissatisfaction," a ruling which seems to embody the opinions of both sections of the lower court.

According to the "London Daily Chronicle," London publishers are resorting to curious expedients to gain attention for their wares. It might have been thought that the use of the sandwich man was bad enough; but now-a-days, Londoners find in their letter boxes such notes as this: "Private. A personal friend recommends to your notice a new book entitled ——. It is written by a Mr. ———, and published by ———." The communication bears no name or address, except those of the publisher.

The "République" publishes this curious bit of international literary gossip:—

It is well known that Mlle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the ex-President of the Republic, has prepared the memoirs of her father. The work, it appears, is ready, yet the author is not yet to publish it. The secret of this hesitation is to-day apparently revealed. The work contains certain autograph letters of various Sovereigns, notably of Queen Victoria; and Edward VII, her son, apprised of the intended publication, has, it is said, manifested his dissatisfaction at seeing these letters revealed to the public. Consequently Felix Faure's memoirs remain, until further notice, unpublished. Such, at all events is the report.

Owners of rare editions will feel a pang of anguish when they learn from the Athenæum that a well-known binding expert has uttered a cry of lamentation over the copies of the First Folio Shakespeare which he has seen. The Athenæum says:—

He finds that they have nearly all been sent over to France to be "washed," that is, cleaned from stains and dirt with dilute sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, which was so strong that it has destroyed the fibre of the paper; and in twenty or thirty years the pages will be as brittle as the thin-

nest glass, and break to pieces as they are turned over. So let buyers and owners of First Folios beware. Washing with weak sulphuric acid is safe, says Mr. Cockerell, as this acid evaporates before the fibre of the paper is touched. But we think owners of old books dirtied or stained had better keep clear of acid altogether, and try bread crumbs only for the dirt.

Apropos of the decision of a Buffalo judge to the effect that the announcement of a "limited edition" printed from a certain set of plates makes any further use of those plates in printing other editions a violation of contract, a New York publisher declares that the decision is contrary to the usage of all reputable houses. He says:—

"If a publisher announces an edition printed from type that is afterward to be distributed and not used for further printing, that is one thing; it would be a violation of the understanding to have the type stereotyped afterward and used for other editions; but in the case of a limited edition of plates it is different. The edition is a certain combination of letterpress, illustration, paper and binding; and if subsequently the same plates are used to print a different edition, with different illustrations and binding and on different paper, there is no violation of the understanding with the buyers of the first edition.

The fastidious may scruple and the sceptical doubt, but no one will deny that the material that Josiah Flynt gathers in his travels "incog" among the powers that prey makes up into remarkably readable books. "The World of Graft"—"graft" being, as the author explains, a generic slang term for all kinds of theft and illegal practices—is familiar in parts to many readers by publication in "McClure's Magazine," and the three spicy chapters on municipal corruption in "Chi," "York" and "Bean-Town" have already

occasioned a good deal of discussion. Equally interesting are the sections devoted to "The Mouth-Piece System," "The Known Thief's Expense Account" and "The Tax-Payers' Bill," while some of the stories told by "One Who Has Squared It," are as artistic as fiction. There is much shrewd and sententious comment on police reform, penology and ethics at large, and preacher or after-dinner speaker might well turn the pages with note-book in hand. But, diversified as it is with drollery and wit, the book as a whole will make on most minds a serious and profound impression. As a study in human nature alone, it must be considered a striking piece of work. McClure, Phillips & Co.

No "story of the seventies"—the subtitle which Payne Erskine gives to his striking study of social conditions in the South—could fail to excite wide differences of opinion. But to the charge of deliberate unfairness or malice the writer of "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads," is surely not liable. Charming descriptions of North Carolina scenery, clever pictures of social life, in which both Southerners and Northerners figure, careful and sympathetic character drawing, bright dialogue, and a plot of intense interest combine to make his novel one of the very best of the season, looked at from the view-point of the reader who merely wants to be entertained. To the more serious, his forcible presentation of the peculiar perplexities caused by the intermingling of two races will be welcome, painful though it is. It is a trifle strange that so candid a writer should have shirked the vital difficulty, in his closing chapter, by allowing his hero and heroine to withdraw with their problem to a country whose social tolerance would make it no problem at all. Little, Brown & Co.